

THE
M A N
OF
T A S T E.
A
C O M E D Y.

As it is Acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL,
By His MAJESTY's Servants.

Decipimur Specie RECTI ----- HOR. de Arte Poet.

The T H I R D E D I T I O N.

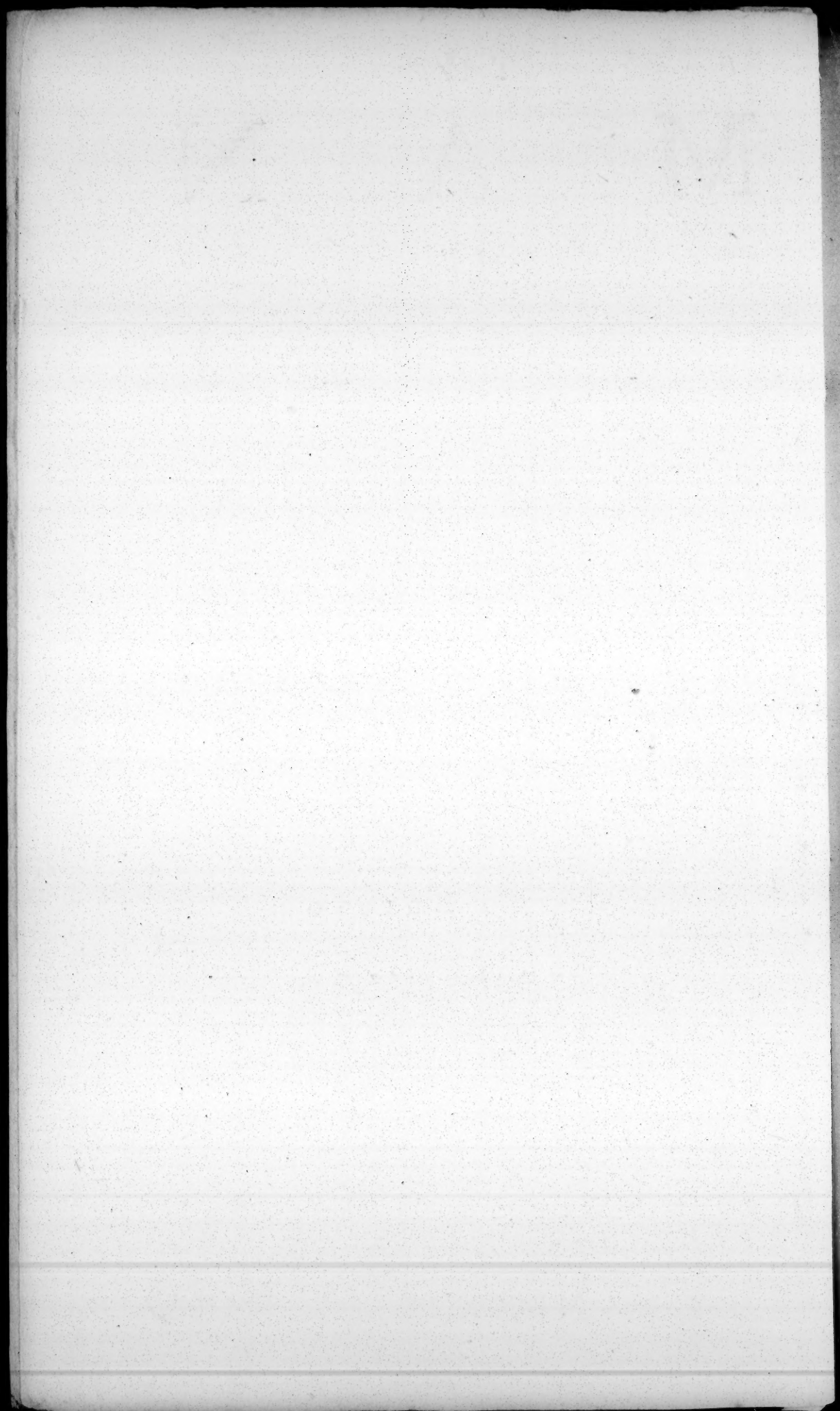


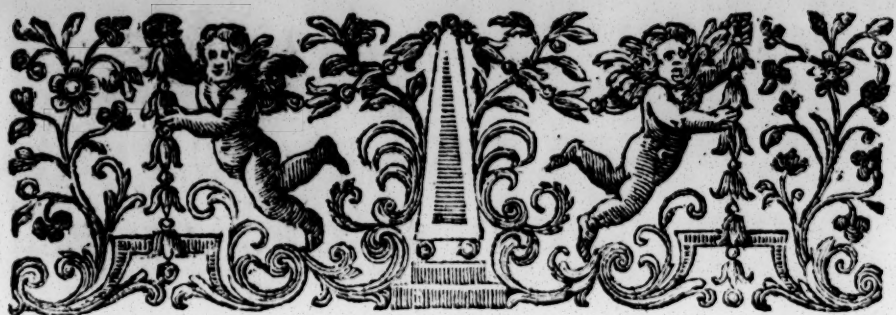
L O N D O N.

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To the Right Honourable the

LORD WETMOUTH.

MY LORD,



IN Recommendation
of the following Per-
formance to Your
LORDSHIP'S Pa-
tronage, I have This

at least to plead----The Honesty of
its Intention; which is to entertain
the Town without giving Offence
either to Virtue, Decency, or Good-
Manners. And at a Time when the

DEDICATION.

Stage is prostituted to the worst of Purposes; when, instead of being employ'd against the Follies and Vices of Mankind, to expose the Singularity of Pride and Affectation, and to bring what is ill or absurd into Neglect and Contempt, it is made use of to extinguish Virtue, and make Lewdness a Diversion; to weaken the Defences of Modesty, and cross upon the Regards of Good-Manners and Humanity; at such a Juncture, My LORD, it may be look'd on as some Degree of Merit to turn it upon Productions that are merely inoffensive and negatively good.

The Town, indeed, by the unusual Favours it has conferr'd on this Piece, has stamp'd a Share of

real

DEDICATION.

real Value upon it; and it would be therefore high Impertinence in me to tax it with having thrown away Applause on a Trifle.

As to the Attempt here made to expose the several Vices and Follies that at present flourish in vogue, I hope Your LORDSHIP will think it confin'd within the Bounds of a modest and wholsom Chastisement. That it is a very seasonable one, I believe, every Person will acknowledge. When what is set up for the Standard of Taste, is but just the Reverse of Truth and Common Sense; and that which is dignify'd with the Name of Politeness, is deficient in nothing-----but Decency and Good-Manners: When all Distinctions of Station and Fortune

DEDICATION.

are broke in upon, so that a *Peer* and a *Mechanick* are cloth'd in the same Habits, and indulge in the same Diversions and Luxuries: When Husbands are ruin'd, Children robb'd, and Tradesmen starv'd, in order to give Estates to a *French* Harlequin, and *Italian* Eunuch, for a Shrug or a Song; shall not fair and fearless Satire oppose this Outrage upon all Reason and Discretion? Yes, My LORD, Resentment can never better be shewn, nor Indignation more laudably exerted, than on such an Occasion.

I beg Your LORDSHIP's Pardon for expressing myself thus warmly; but I think this is one of the Cases where we may be innocently angry, and for which the generous

DEDICATION.

nerous Ferment was implanted in our Natures.

However I will presume no longer on Your LORDSHIP's Patience, than just to acknowledge how sensible I am of the Honour done me by Your giving Leave for this Address, and to declare how sincerely I am

Your LORDSHIP's

most obedient, and

most humble Servant.



P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. C I B B E R.

W I T springs so slow in our bleak Northern Soil,
It scarce, at best, rewards the Planter's Toil.
But now, when all the Sun-shine, and the Rain,
Are turn'd to cultivate a Foreign Grain;
When what should cherish preys upon the Tree,
What generous Fruit can you expect to see?

Our Bard, to strike the Humour of the Times,
Some of his Scenes imports from Southern Climes;
Secure his Pains will with Applause be crown'd,
If you're as fond of Foreign Sense as ---- Sound:
And since their Follics have been bought so dear,
We hope their Wit a moderate Price may bear.

Terence, Great Master! who, with wond'rous Art,
Explor'd the deepest Secrets of the Heart;
That best Old Judge of Manners and of Men,
First grac'd this Tale with his immortal Pen.

Moliere, the Classick of the Gallick Stage,
First dar'd to modernize the sacred Page;
Skilful, the one Thing wanting to supply,
HUMOUR, that Soul of Comick Poesy.

The Roman Fools were drawn so high, ---- the Pit
Might take 'em now for Modern Men of Wit.
But Moliere painted with a bolder Hand,
And mark'd his Oafs with the Fools-Cap and Band:
To ev'ry Vice he tagg'd the just Reproach,
Shew'd Worth on Foot, and Rascals in a Coach.

Leaning

P R O L O G U E.

*Leaning on these great Guides, our Bard to-day,
 Trembling, attempts to tread the slipp'ry Way;
 To their rich Group he adds some Figures more,
 Some Fools of British Growth——unshewn before:
 Besides he freely owns the bold Pretence
 To club his Mite of Native sterling Sense,
 Which----tho' 'tis English----hopes won't give Offence. }
 Boldly the Comic Scourge he takes in hand,
 To lash the reigning Follies of the Land:
 Blushing to see Britannia's Sons become
 Dupes to each Vagabond from France and Rome.
 To see the Great their prime Distinctions place
 In things so low, contemptible and base,
 As their politer Footmen would disgrace. }*

*For this he sends your kind Support to ask, [To the Pit
 Else he must sink beneath th' invidious Task.
 Point out his Failings freely-----but then spare
 Those Parts which you may think some Merit share:
 Don't, for one Gangreen'd Limb, the Whole destroy——
 Shew Us which 'tis ——We'll lop it off with Joy.*



D R A.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

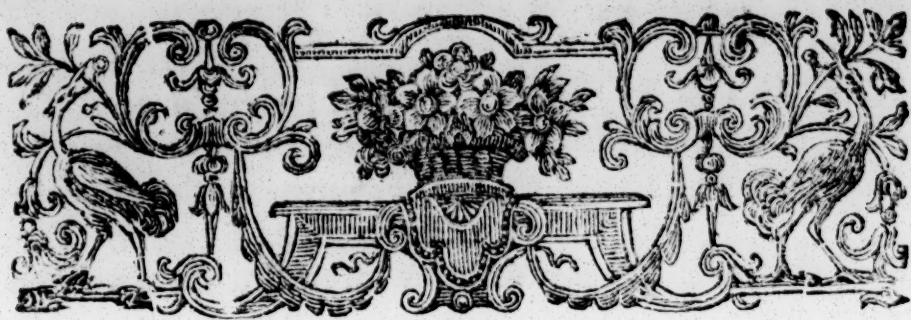
<i>Sir Positive Bubble, a churlish, opinionative, obstinate, old Batchelor, who will not be impos'd on by any body but himself, Guardian to Dorinda.</i>	} Mr. Griffin.
<i>Freelove, his Brother, a Gentleman of good Sense, good Temper, and good Manners, Guardian to Angelica.</i>	} Mr. Mills.
<i>Valentine, a young Gentleman of Fortune, in love with Dorinda.</i>	} Mr. Milward.
<i>Sir Humphry Henpeck, Father to Maria, and Uncle to Dorothea.</i>	} Mr. Harper.
<i>Harcourt, Brother to Dorinda and Angelica, repuls'd by Maria.</i>	} Mr. Mills Jun.
<i>Horatio, repuls'd by Dorothea.</i>	Mr. Este.
<i>Martin, Servant to Harcourt, who afterwards assumes the Name of Lord Apemode, by order of his Master.</i>	} Mr. Cibber.
<i>Keynard, Servant to Horatio, who assumes the Name of Colonel Cockade.</i>	} Mr. Miller.
<i>Lewis, Servant to Valentine.</i>	Mr. Cross.
<i>Almanzor, Servant to Maria.</i>	Master Arne.
<i>Justice Diligence.</i>	Mr. Turbut.

W O M E N.

<i>Lady Henpeck, Wife to Sir Humphry Henpeck, a great Pretender to Philosophy and Reading, but notwithstanding a mere Termagant.</i>	} Mrs. Cross.
<i>Maria, her Daughter, { Both setting up for People</i>	} Mrs. Clive.
<i>Dorothea, her Neice, { of Taste and Politeness.</i>	} Mrs. Pritchard.
<i>Dorinda, { Sisters, and Wards to Sir Positive</i>	} Mrs. Thurmond.
<i>Angelica, { and Freelove,</i>	} Mrs. Holiday.
<i>Lisetta, Maid to Maria.</i>	Mrs. Mann.

SCENE, L O N D O N.

THE



THE
MAN *of* TASTE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Hall in Sir Humphry Henpeck's House.*

[*Harcourt and Horatio following one another.*]

HARCOURT. (*Pulling on his Gloves.*)



ELL, *Horatio!* what d'ye think of our Reception here? Are you much satisfy'd with it?

Hor. Um, --- Are you, *Harcourt?*

Har. I think neither of us have very abundant Reason to be so. Never sure did a couple of Gipsies behave themselves so insolently, nor two poor

Fellows ever meet with such scurvy Treatment. They could not so much as prevail on themselves to afford us Chairs, but made us stand in the middle of the Room, while they walk'd round and examin'd us from Head to Foot; as if we had been brought there, like *Indian Kings*, for a Show.

Hor. Then such Whispering as was between 'em; such yawning! rubbing their Eyes! and asking every moment what o'Clock 'twas!

Har.

Har. And all we could say to 'em produc'd no Answer but Ay or No, and that with the Head turn'd o'one side, as if they were talking to the Figures in the Tapestry Hangings. Why, there's ne'er a fine Lady in Town could have us'd her Husband with more Sauciness and Contempt.

Hor. You seem to lay it much to Heart, *Harcourt*.

Har. I do so; for I must confess my Heart was a little interested in the Affair. *Maria's* personal Charms had made stronger Impressions on me than *Dorothea's* seem to have made on you, *Horatio*.

Hor. Had they been never so strong, her extravagant Behaviour would have soon made me easy in that Point.

Har. 'Tis the same with me. However I shan't be satisfy'd 'till I have had some Revenge on 'em. I know well enough what was the cause of our Repulse; we are not Men of high Rank and Fashion enough for them. They are come gallop'd away from *Thames-Street* to *St. James's*, to set up for Patterns of *Taste* and *Politeness*, forsooth.

Hor. And so nothing beneath a Ribbon or Staff will go down with 'em.

Har. It was pleasant enough to hear 'em tell one another what Visits they ow'd: My Lady such-a-one, and the Duchess of such a Place; when the arrogant Sluts, till within these six Weeks, never knew what a House was without a Counter in't.

Hor. So that now they are Amphibious, between Court Prudes and City Coquettes. I'm surprized how the old Fellow *Sir Humphry Henpeck* can bear 'em both in his House together.

Har. Oh, he has had a swinging Surfeit of 'em, you may be sure; which made him so forward to compliment us with 'em. His Wife's enough for him to deal with at one time. However, *Horatio*, if you'll take my Advice, I have started a Thought how to be even with their High and Mighty Ladyships.

Hor. Which way, pr'ythee?

Har. You know my Fellow *Martin*.

Hor.

Hor. And what then?

Har. He's a crafty, brisk, insinuating Rascal, and passes amongst many for a sort of Wit; for nothing now-a-days is cheaper than Wit.

Hor. Yes, I know the Rogue: He affects even Affectation itself; and was such a perfect Counterpart both in Dress and Manners of his last Master, Lord *Apemode*, that you could scarce know the Peer from his Valet.

Har. The Coxcomb is so impudent too, that he often takes it into his Head to pass for a Man of Quality. He pretends to Gallantry and Poetry, and has such a Contempt for others of his own Condition, that he calls 'em all mere Brutes.

Hor. Ha, ha, ha! a complete second-hand *Man of Taste* — But what's the Use you intend to make of all these excellent Qualities?

Har. What Use? O! a Use that those Qualities are equal to — Why he shall — but hold, we are interrupted; I'll tell you by and by.

Enter Valentine, as not seeing them.

Hor. So ho! *Valentine*, what can't you see your Friends this Morning? Why thou art as pensive —

Val. Confusion! it makes me half Mad!

Har. Nay, quite, in good Truth; but pr'ythee what is it?

Val. What is it, *Harcourt*! why to see her I love; to see thy charming Sister, *Dorinda*, under the Power of such a Savage Guardian. That old watchful Dragon, Sir *Positive Bubble*, makes such a severe Use of the Power your Father's Will has given him over her, that he does not suffer her to breathe even fresh Air, or enjoy common Liberty.

Har. That's what you ought to build your greatest Hopes on. Know for your Encouragement, my Friend, that a Woman lock'd up is half won; and that the Severity of Fathers, Guardians and Husbands, has always advanc'd the Business of the Gallant. Your experienc'd Sportsmen will tell you that they are always best pleased

to

to meet with those churlish Brutes, who without Thought or Reason condemn the Conduct of their Wives in every thing, and haughtily standing on the Name of Husband, quarrel with 'em for nothing, even in the presence of their Gallant.

Hor. Ay, ay, they know how to take Advantage of that. The Repentment of the Fair for such Usage on one hand, and the complaisant Compassion of the Lover on the other, give occasion for a very good Correspondence between 'em.

Har. Right, and therefore the Tyranny of my Sister's Guardian ought to serve you as a Pledge of obtaining your Wishes.

Val. Ay, *Harcourt*, but for the six Months that I have been passionately in love, I could never procure even a moment's Conversation with her.

Har. Why, Love whets the Invention, they say; but yours does not seem to have been much the sharper for it hitherto, *Valentine*.

Val. What could I have done? The Brute is always with her, you know, and preserves her as a delicious Morfel for himself. He suffers her to hold no Intercourse with any Mortal, but thro' his own Hands.

Har. Nay, that's true enough: I myself, tho' her Brother, have been prohibited the Sight of her above this Twelve-month, for fear I should instil, as he told me, evil Principles into her, and make her as wild and wicked as myself — But has she been no way acquainted then with your Inclinations yet?

Val. That I'm not sure of. Wherever her Jailer carry'd her, she has always seen me following her like her Shadow; and my Looks every Day endeavour'd to express to her the Violence of my Passion. My Eyes, *Horatio*, have spoke a great deal; but how shall I know if she understood their Language?

Hor. 'Tis true, that Language may be something obscure, without either the Tongue or the Pen to interpret it.

Val.

The MAN of TASTE. 15

Val. What's to be done? What Course must I take?

Hor. That must be consider'd of. *Horatio* and myself have at present a little Business of our own on hand; after that's adjusted we'll help our Friends.

Enter Sir Humphry Henpeck.

Sir Hum. Well, Gentlemen, you have seen my Neice and Daughter. Do Matters go well, say you? All things jog on as they should, I hope.

Har. That, Sir, you may learn better of them than of us: All we can say is that we thank you for the Favour you design'd us, and remain your very humble Servants.

Hor. Your very humble Servants ----- Come, *Valentine*, you shall go with us in my Coach to the *Park*.

[*Exeunt.*]

Sir Hum. Hoity toity, what's the meaning of this now? they seem to be strangely out of Humour; these pert Baggages have certainly affronted 'em some way or other. I'll know the Cause on't, and that quickly too. So ho! within there.

Enter Lifetta.

Lif. What do you want, Sir?

Sir Hum. What do I want, Madam! where are your Mistresses?

Lif. In their Dressing-Room, Sir.

Sir Hum. What are they doing there?

Lif. Making Washes and Lip-Salve, Sir.

Sir Hum. Go bid them come down to me. Making Washes and Lip-Salve, forsooth: These Huffsies, with their Salves, have a mind to ruin me, I think. There's nothing in the whole House but Whites of Eggs, Puppy-dog Water, and a thousand other Slops that I can't name. Since we liv'd at this End of the Town, they have us'd the Fat of a dozen Hogs at least, and four Servants might live every Day on the Legs of Mutton they waste.

Enter

Enter Maria and Dorothea.

Sir Hum. Harkye me, Mistrefs, what is it that you and your dainty Cousin there have done, to make these Gentlemen go away so dissatisfied? Did not I command you to receive 'em as Persons that I design'd for your Husbands?

Maria. Dear Father, don't talk to us of Husbands, it makes one think of a Jail and Fetters.

Doro. Besides, Sir, could a Woman of the least Taste in the Universe take up with such unpolish'd Animals as these are?

Sir Hum. And why not, pray, Neice?

Doro. Pretty Gallantry, indeed! to begin with Matrimony at once.

Sir Hum. And what would you have 'em begin with—Something worse, hey? Is not such an Alliance what we have all reason to catch at? and therefore the sooner 'tis done, the better.

Maria. Dear Sir! what you say is perfectly Cit-like. I'm asham'd to hear you talk thus: Now you are come to live at the polite part of the World, you ought to learn a better Air in things.

Sir Hum. I care neither for Air or Song. I tell you Marriage is an honourable Thing; and to begin with that is the part of honest People.

Maria. My Cousin, Sir, will tell you as well as I that for a Gallant to mention any such thing, is contrary to the very Essence of all Politeness. No, they should have run thro' the whole Course of Gallantry, follow'd us to *Bath*, *Scarborough* and *Tunbridge*; each of which Places should have resounded with Song and Panegyricks on us, and Lampoons on every one else. Then in 'Town they should attend us thro' all its Diversions; carry us to the Rehearsal of every new Opera and the Reading of every new Play, dance with us every *Ridotto*, and squeak with us every *Masquerade*. And after all, not a word of Matrimony should be heard of.

Sir Hum. How! What's ail this!

Doro. Indeed, Uncle, my Cousin has hit it right. These are things which can't be dispens'd with. But to come point blank to the conjugal Knot! To make Love only with the Marriage Contract, and take an Intrigue just by the Tail! once more, Sir, nothing can be more Tradesman-like.

Sir Hum. What the Duce of Rhodomontade is here!

Maria. Besides, Sir, their very Drefs and Deportment were shocking. To make a Love-Visit with a plain Leg, a Hat without a Diamond Button, and a Coat without Lace! Fine Gallants indeed! Then such a Frugality of Conversation, and Barrenness of Wit; ---- in short they are mere Barbarians both within and without.

Sir Hum. They are gone mad, sure! Lookye, *Mary*, and you *Dorothy*, as for the Gentlemen we're talking of, I know their Families and Estates, and you shall absolutely marry them; for I'm downright weary of having you upon my Hands.

Maria. For my part, Sir, all I can say to you, is, that I think Marriage an extreme shocking thing. How can one bear the very Thought of lying by the Side of a naked Man?

Sir Hum. Ah Baggage, Baggage! bear the Thought!

Doro. For Goodness sake, Sir, suffer us to breathe a little amongst the *Beau Monde*. We are but just got here: but on the Border only of Taste and Politeness yet, and don't knock it all on the head at once.

Sir Hum. They are quite spoil'd, I see.

Doro. This I am positively resolv'd on, that if ever I do marry, I'll marry for something; and nothing less than a Coronet on the Door shall ever tempt me to ride in a Husband's Coach.

Maria. Nay that I'm fix'd on too ---- nothing but the Rays of a brilliant Star hath powerful Attraction enough to seduce me to that ---- If ever I marry, a Man of Quality must be my Husband.

Sir Hum. Why, Huffy, 'tis impossible ----- a Man of Quality never can be your Husband.

Doro. No, Sir! I think Twenty thousand Pounds no contemptible Fortune.

Sir Hum. Right, Neice. You'll find Men of Quality enough that will marry your Twenty thousand Pounds: But you'll have no more Husbands in them than if you were to marry an Opera Songster. They'll treat you as they do the Marriage-Contract ----- just set their Seal for once, and then fling you aside never to look on you again.

Doro. Well, Uncle, and what would you have 'em do?

Sir Hum. Have 'em do!

Doro. Ay --- would you have 'em perpetually at one's Elbow, as if we were really yoked together?

Maria. No, leave that to the insipid Vulgar; People of Taste and Sensibility have a higher Relish for Life. Separate Tables, separate Apartments, separate Coaches and separate Pleasures! --- Those are the peculiar Privileges of Quality.

Sir Hum. Oh, are they so! why then 'tis a pity, methinks, but the *Form of Wedlock* was alter'd; and to be more polite, should run thus ---- Whom *Matrimony* hath put asunder, let no Man dare to join together.

Doro. Upon Honour, a good Thought, my Dear, Ha, ha, ha!

Maria. Excellent, my Dear, Ha, ha, ha!

Doro. Thy Father never said any thing so witty before, my Dear. Why you brighten apace, Uncle! This End of the Town begins to work upon you. Ah, my Dear, the very Air of St. *James's* insensibly instils Politeness into People.

Maria. True, my Dear, and I don't wonder my Mother was so eager to get my Father here. All Wives shou'd bring their Husbands hither, that they may learn what sort of a Creature a Husband ought to be.

Sir Hum. O! the best Place in the World for that. Here are a Pack of rare Husbands, and fitted with rare Wives

Wives too. One heaps up Wealth, of which his Wife bestows good part on those that take care to branch his Brows for it. Another, tho' more happy, yet not less infamous, sees his Wife receive Presents every Day without a Grain of Jealousy, because she tells him, 'tis for her Virtue. One fine Lady craftily gives a false Relation to her Husband of what passes between herself and Gallant, and the poor Cully, transported with her extreme Fidelity, sleeps quietly and pities the Lover. Whilst another, to justify her Pride and Extravagance, pretends to win at Play the Sums she squanders; and the *Zani* of a Husband, without considering at what Game, is very thankful for the Money she gets.

Doro. But, Uncle, he that laughs at others, ought to take care that no body in return laugh at him.

Sir Hum. I don't doubt but they do, Neice; for I am as great a *Cornuto* as any of 'em all.

Doro. No, Uncle, you are not so much in the Fashion as that comes to. My Lady is intirely given up to Reading and Philosophy.

Sir Hum. Right, Neice---so that I am made a Cuckold of every Day by *Plutarch* and *Seneca*. She's wedded more to Philosophy and Poetry than to me; and I am no more regarded by her than a wooden Folio that serves to fill up the Corner of a Shelf.

Maria. You may be thankful, Sir, that you have a Lady of such excellent Talents.

Sir Hum. Yes, but I pay pretty dear for her Talents. In the first place, I must leave off my Business, which brought me in at least a Thousand a Year, because getting Money was low and servile. Then I must quit my own House, and pay the Duce and all here, because this, it seems, is the Region of Wit and Politeness. And what is worse than all, must throw away, at least, Five hundred Guineas to get myself knighted, that her Ladyship might be in a Rank above the Vulgar, forsooth. The Family of the *Henpecks* had great occasion to be thus dignify'd and distinguish'd, indeed.

Doro. Ay, Sir --- but then on the other side, you must set down that valuable Fund of Learning, Taste, and critical Knowledge which my Aunt is Mistress of; and that will more than balance the Account.

Sir Hum. Her Taste and critical Knowledge, as you call it, makes her only searching continually for something to find fault with: And nothing that I can do or say, but wants either Dignity or Delicacy, belike. Thus, under pretence of her superior Understanding, she governs the whole Family, engrosses the whole Talk, and claims the whole Notice of all that come to my House; whilst I, under the Name of my Lady's Husband, am like a black-letter'd Saint whom no body calls upon — S'bud! what business had I with a witty Wife, or what should Women be suffer'd to read for? When 'tis enough for 'em if they can but say their Prayers, love their Husbands, and darn their own Linen.

Doro. Alas! my Dear, how deep is thy Father's funk in the Grossness of Matter!

Maria. What shall I say, my Dear? I'm quite ashamed for him.

Sir Hum. S'bobs, were there ever such insolent Gipsies! Why, you Brace of pert Pullets, get out of my Sight the very moment, and either resolve to take the Gentlemen that I have fix'd on, or, or — why a whu! and a Mart come up!

[*Exit Sir Hum.*]

Doro. Say their Prayers! love their Husbands! and darn their own Linen! very elegant Occupations truly, Ha, ha, ha!

Maria. Oh lamentable! Ha, ha, ha!

Both. Ha, ha, ha!

[*Exeunt Laughing.*]

SCENE



SCENE changes to a Hall in Sir Positive Bubble's House.

Enter Sir Positive Bubble, and Free love his Brother.

Sir Pos. Good now, Brother, don't talk so much, but let each of us live as he has a mind to't. Tell me of this and that and t'other! I'll be directed by no body, I say. My Fancy shall be my Counsellor, and I am very well satisfy'd with my own way of living.

Free. But every one condemns it, Brother.

Sir Pos. Ay, such Fools as you, perhaps, Brother.

Free. I thank you heartily. A handsom Compliment!

Sir Pos. And I'd fain know, methinks, what these wise critical Every-ones can see in me so worthy of Reprehension.

Free. I'll tell you, *Sir Positive*. In the first place, your obstinate, unfociable Temper, which makes you avoid all the Pleasures of Conversation, gives a whimsical Air to every thing you do, and makes you seem barbarous even in your very Drefs.

Sir Pos. Oh! you'd have me an Als of Fashion, and not drefs myself for myself, but to the Times, would you, Mr. Younger Brother? You'd have me, I say, follow the way of your young Fops: Wear their little Hats which let their weak Brains evaporate; those crop Wigs that expose their Ears, and let the World know what Species they are of; those curtail'd Wastecoats, the Flaps of which reach no lower than their Hips; and those fine Stockings, with such monstrous Clocks that make 'em look like rough-footed Pigeons. I should delight you, without doubt, if I equip'd myself in this manner. You'd have me as foolish as any Jackanapes of 'em all.

Free. One should always comply, Brother, in some mea-

sure with the Majority, and never make one's self be star'd at. Both Extremes are offensive, and every wise Man should dress as he would speak, without Affectation. I would not imitate those who are at the Top of the Mode, and always straining even beyond the Fashion; but then, on the other hand, I think it wrong to avoid obstinately every thing that other People follow. 'Tis better being silly with the rest of the World, than wise in opposition to every one else.

Sir Pos. O, is it so! most complaisant Sir.

Free. Yes, for in following the Mode, you only wear other People's Follies, which is better than wearing your own by too much Particularity. Believe me, Brother, a Man should be singular in nothing — but *Wisdom and Humanity*.

Sir Pos. This is like an old Fellow now, who to hide his gray Hairs, wears a black Wig.

Free. I see no Reason, Brother, why any one should cast off Decency and Chearfulness. Has not Old-age Inconveniencies enough, without being both crabbed and slovenly?

Sir Pos. But, be that as it will, Sir, I'm resolv'd not to alter my Dress in the least. I'll wear a broad-brim'd Hat in spite of the Fashion, that my Head may have a convenient Shelter. A good large Wastecoat, thick and long, and well-button'd, to keep my Stomach warm for Digestion: And Shoes wherein my Feet may have room enough, that I may be able to walk without a great Stick like a Hedge-Stake, or making wry Faces. Thus our Forefathers wisely did, and thus will I do—— and those that don't like me, may look upon something else.

Free. But, Brother, however well you may think this Severity becomes one of your Age, you ought certainly to give Youth a little more Liberty — you understand me, Brother ——— your rigid Treatment of your Ward, *Dorinda* ———

Sir Pos. Lack, lack, I wish you'd mind your own Business, Brother.

Free.

Free. I beg your Pardon, Brother; but Youth must —

Sir Pos. I beg your Pardon too, Sir, and must tell you, that her Actions depend on me, and I best know what Interest I have in 'em.

Free. Have I less in those of her Sister? They are without Parents, and our Friend their Father upon his Death-bed left to us the care of them; obliging both of us either to marry them ourselves, or at a proper Age to dispose of 'em to others. From their very Infancy we have had full Power over them, both as Father and Husband; you chose to educate *Dorinda*, and I took upon me the Charge of *Angelica*.

Sir Pos. Right, Sir, and therefore do you please to manage yours as you have a mind to't, and I hope you'll give me leave to do the same by mine.

Free. Well, Brother, I can't help thinking —

Sir Pos. Nor I can't help thinking, Brother, and must declare it to you that what I say is right. You let yours go fine and extravagant — with all my heart; let her have her Chairmen and Footmen, and *Abigails* without number — I consent to't. Let her ramble about, love Idleness, and be flatter'd by Fops till Doomsday — I am very well satisfy'd with it. But I'll have mine live according to my Fancy, not her own. Her Dress shall be of good decent Stuffs, and she shall wear Silk only on Holidays: Shall stay at home as a wise Woman ought, and make Hufwifery her whole Application. When she has any Time to spare, I'll have her quilt my Night-caps, and clear-starch my Bands for Diversion. She must shut her Ears to the Flattery of young Fellows, and never go abroad without somebody to watch her.

Free. Distrustful Cares, Bolts and Grates don't make People virtuous. 'Tis native Honour that must keep 'em within Bounds, not our Severity. 'Tis by gaining their Hearts alone that we can guide their Manners. They are much mistaken who think Government by Force alone to have more Authority than when 'tis founded upon Inclination. 'Tis a Husband's part to use a Wife so as that her own Choice, rather than outward Constraint, should put

her upon doing well. I should not think my Honour very safe in the hands of one who only wanted an Opportunity to effect her Desire.

Sir Pos. A pize on Honour and Inclination — Stuff, Stuff, mere Stuff.

Free. Be it so, but these Maxims I have follow'd in my Care of *Angelica*. I have not made small Liberties Crimes, but have consented to her Inclination for Balls, Plays, and such other innocent Diversions. These are things which for my part I always thought proper to form the Minds of young People, and the World is a School which instructs better in the Art of Living than all the Books or Lectures you can give 'em. Her Father's Will obliges her to marry me, but I won't for that Reason play the Tyrant over her. I very well know that our Years are not altogether suitable, and therefore leave her intirely to her own Choice. If a Thousand Pounds a Year well paid, a tender Affection and complaisant Regard can prevail on her to overlook the Disparity of Age, she may take me for her Husband. If not, she may fix where Inclination invites her. I should be glad to see her better match'd, and had rather have her marry'd to another, than marry her myself against her Will.

Sir Pos. Oh, how sweet the Honey-suckle is — all Sugar and Honey.

Free. This is my Humour, and thank Heaven that it is so — yours is different, but we shall see the End of it.

Sir Pos. See the End of it! ay, there's the Thing. When People are playing the Ass and Blockhead, if any one happens to act wiser than themselves, and won't agree with 'em in their ridiculous Conduct, then they immediately cry, *See the End of it*; when the Duce knows, their Folly has no *End* at all.

Free. Very well, Brother.

Sir Pos. Ay, and not very well, Brother, let me tell you: Your Management of Youth is pretty well seen in the Brother of these Girls; that hopeful Blade, *Harcourt*, was principally under your Tutorage, I think; and he has profited finely by it.

Free.

Free. Why, what has he done?

Sir Pos. Oh, nothing at all! No, no, nothing at all! He only drinks, whores, breaks Windows, and murders Watchmen: Is ashamed of nothing, afraid of no body, and looks on himself as a lawless fine Gentleman: But this is nothing at all, I suppose.

Free. Believe me, Brother, when you and I were young Fellows, if we were less extravagant, 'twas not for want of Will, but Money, and therefore we ought not to count that for Virtue which was only owing to Necessity. 'Tis better for him to play the Libertine a little now, than to do it at an Age when 'twill less become him.

Sir Pos. Very pretty! very pretty! ——— with all my Heart ——— Let him squander all, ruin all, himself and all, and play the Duce and all, I don't care; 'tis nothing to me — If ever I speak a Syllable more —

Free. Dear Brother, don't fly into a Passion.

Sir Pos. Not I, indeed, Sir; I am in no Passion at all, not in the least Passion --- I never was in a Passion in my Life: But still it grieves me when I think of his poor Father --- but I have done. He gave me only the Charge of one, and her I'll take care of: Goodness be praised, she proves after my own heart. Your Profligate will feel the Smart on't at last; yes, he will, he will at last.

Free. Come, Brother, don't let us quarrel about the Affair, I'll say no more but this, That, think what you please,

Such only for true Profelytes we own,
Who are by mild and generous Treatment won:
Those gain'd by Fear are Hypocrites alone. [*Exeunt.*]





A C T II. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, *The Street before Sir Positive Bubble's House.*

Dorinda and Angelica.

Dorin. **A**ND so the great Question between us, Sister, is, Whether a Lover ought to be Jealous or not?

Ang. Or to explain your Thought and mine better, Sister, Which ought to please best; a Lover that is Jealous, or one that is not so?

Dorin. True, *Angelica*; and for my part I should think the latter.

Ang. I can't say so, *Dorinda*: I am for the former.

Dorin. I think we ought to give most Approbation to those who shew most Respect.

Ang. And I think, that if we must discover our Inclinations at all, it should be in favour of those who shew most Love to us.

Dorin. Yes, Sister, but a Passion makes a more agreeable Appearance in Respect and Tenderneſs than Jealousy.

Ang. Well, 'tis my Opinion, that every Lover is by so much the more Amorous, as he shews himself Jealous.

Dorin. Oh fy, Sister, don't call those Men Lovers whose Passion is like Hatred; who require a strict Account from us of all our Actions, and suspect every Thought or Word of Deceit. Who, if we seem a little Grave, presently complain that their Presence is the Cause of it; or, if Joy appear in our Eyes, will immediately

mediately have it that their Rivals are the Foundation of it; and then assuming a Privilege from the Fury of their Zeal, take upon 'em to forbid us all Company but their own, and so tyrannize over their very Conquerors. Well! I say, 'tis the greatness of their Submission that best shews the greatness of our Power.

Ang. Nor don't you call those Men Lovers, Sister, who shew no Extravagance for the Fair they address: Those lukewarm Sparks, whose peaceable Hearts think all secure on their Side, and thro' saucy Confidence let their Love fall asleep. I hate such calm, insipid Doings: No, give me a Lover that thou'd prove his Flame to me; and by repeated Distraction give a sure token of the Ardency of his Passion. Then one's pleas'd too with the poor Creature's Sufferings; and, tho' he sometimes breaks out into a little Roughness, the Joy of seeing him the next Moment imploring Pardon for his Transport; his Fears, and his Despair for having displeased us, are such Charms, *Dorinda*.—

Dorin. Well, Sister, to end the Dispute and satisfy us both, 'tis my Opinion, that the Jealous love most, and the others best.

Ang. Your Determination is Just, my Dear.

Dorin. Ah, my Dear, if you were to be a little while in the Hands that I am in, you'd be sick of Jealousy, I'll engage.

Ang. I pity you heartily, Child.

Dorin. 'Tis happy for you that his Brother is of so different a Temper; Fortune was your Friend in the Disposal, Sister.

Ang. I declare I would not suffer the Brute.

Dorin. Where's my Remedy, Child? you know the absolute Power he has over my Fortune; and without that, my Person, I doubt, might go a Begging.

Ang. And so you intend to marry him then?

Dorin. Marry him! No, *Angelica*, there's nothing so desperate but I would attempt, rather than endure one Thought of that. The only thing that makes my Servitude supportable is the Hope of a Deliverance.

Ang.

Ang. If you ever have a Deliverance, my Dear, I believe I can guess at the Knight-Errant that must accomplish it. *Valentine* would be glad to be your Champion.

Dorin. What's *Valentine* to me, Sister?

Ang. What! ——— your Life, Soul, Heart's Delight, Sister.

Dorin. Who, *Valentine*!

Ang. Yes, *Valentine*.

Dorin. Psha!

Ang. 'Tis true tho'; and you are just the same to him.

Dorin. That's more than ever I heard him say.

Ang. Right, but you know he thinks so, Sister. Ah, Sister, 'Tis he is that tender, respectful Lover, on whose Side you so warmly engag'd just now.

Dorin. [*Aside.*] O' my Word she's in the right on't.

Ang. Well, Child, I can't blame you, for if I was in your Condition, if he wou'd not run away with me, O' my Conscience, I should carry him off.

Enter Sir Positive Bubble and Freelove.

Sir Pos. Heyday, Mistresses here! why where may you be going, pray?

Ang. We don't know yet; I was desiring my Sister to take a turn in the *Park* with me; but ———

Sir Pos. But! ay, I am a *But*, to that ——— Walk in the *Park*, indeed! ——— Nay, you Madam, for your part may walk, or amble, or trot, or gallop, when and where and how you please; and the more the better, is'n't it my Brother? ——— But by your leave, Lady, I forbear you stirring abroad.

Free. Prithee, Brother, let 'em have their innocent Amusements.

Sir Pos. I beg your Pardon, Brother — Amusement and Abusements is the properer Name.

Free. Why, do you think there's any harm in her being with her Sister?

Sir Pos. I don't know that ——— I say, I don't know that, but yet I think there's less in her being with me.

Free. Well, but Youth ———

Sir Pos. Youth is always foolish; and Old Age sometimes. I won't wear Horns if I can help it; and as she is oblig'd to marry me, I'm resolv'd to be as secure of Her Person as my own.

Dorin. Secure, Sir? I don't understand ———

Sir Pos. I know you don't understand ——— not your Duty, Mistress, if you offer in the least to oppose my Pleasure. Go abroad without us, indeed!

Ang. How, Sir ———

Sir Pos. Good now, good now, no talking, Madam. I don't speak to you, for you are too wise ———

Ang. Are you displeas'd to see my Sister with me, Sir?

Sir Pos. Yes, and, since I must tell you my Mind, 'tis you that spoil her ——— your Visits are not wanted here so often, and I should be much more oblig'd to you, if you'd stay away.

Ang. Then, to tell you my Mind as freely, Sir, I don't know how she takes all this, but I know what it would make me do; and we are no Sisters in Temper, if she does not resent it.

Sir Pos. Very pretty, very pretty!

Ang. In short, these Watchings are scandalous Things. Our Honour is weak indeed, if it must be continually guarded——And do you think after all, that we won't have our Will notwithstanding? Ah! poor Soul, when any thing gets into our Heads, the cunningest of you all will prove but an Ass to us. Taking so much care to hinder us from transgressing, is only the way to make us desire it the more; and if I were distrusted by a Husband, I should be strangely inclin'd to make his Fears real.

Sir Pos. Oh lovely! oh lovely! this is the Fruit of your Education, good Mr. Tutor. You can bear all this, quite unconcern'd now.

Free. Why, I think, Brother, there's some Reason in what she says. Young People love a little Liberty——

Sir Pos. But that Love of Liberty, wise Sir, if 'tis indulg'd in Youth, is not so easily rooted out afterwards.

And

And your Complaisance won't have the Effect you desire, when she's oblig'd in changing her Condition, to change her Manner of Life too.

Free. And why change it?

Sir Pos. Why?

Free. Ay, why?

Sir Pos. Nay, I don't know.

Free. Is there any thing in it contrary either to Virtue or Prudence?

Sir Pos. What if you marry her, will you give her the same Liberty she has now?

Free. Why not?

Sir Pos. Let her have her Rings and her Ribbands, and her Washes and Patches, and the rest of this Trumpery, hey?

Free. Certainly.

Sir Pos. Let her run, like a mad Woman, to Operas, Plays, Assemblies, and the Duce knows where, hey?

Free. Yes.

Sir Pos. And suffer young Fellows to come to your own House too;

Free. Why not?

Sir Pos. To junket it, and prance it, and dance it, and card it; and, and, and say fine things to your Wife, hey?

Free. Ay.

Sir Pos. And you'll see these Doings without any Resentment, hey?

Free. Ay, sure, Brother.

Sir Pos. Go you're a Fool, you're a Fool——
[*To Dorinda.*] Get you in, get you in, pray go in, that you may'nt hear these shameful Lessons.

Dorin. [*Aside.*] No, but I'll go in and contrive how to practise 'em, tho'. [Exit Dorinda.]

Free. Well, Brother, you may act as you please, but if it be my good Fortune to be made happy in *Angelica*, I shall entirely confide in her Fidelity, and let her live with the same Liberty and Ease she does now.

Sir Pos. How glad shall I be to see him a Cuckold!

Free.

Free. If you fail to be one, Brother, it ought not to be imputed to your want of giving Provocation for it.

Sir Pos. Very well! laugh on, Mr. Giggler ----- How comical it is to see a Buffoon with Forty Years upon his Back!

Ang. I assure him, he shall have no Cause to suspect me, if it be my Fate to marry him; but I'd answer for nothing, if I were to marry you.

Sir Pos. Ah! ah! ah!

Ang. 'Twere a Crime to deceive those that trust in us, but People of your Temper deserve no better Usage — and in short I should make no Scruple on't.

Sir Pos. Ah! wicked Tongue!

Free. You bring all this on your own Head, Brother. Come, *Angelica*, since my Brother has depriv'd you of your Sister's Company, if you'll accept of me for your Guard, I am at your Service.

Ang. With all my Heart — *Sir Positive*, farewell — change your Humour, and remember that locking up a Woman's Person, is only letting loose her Inclinations, ha, ha, ha!

Free. Ha, ha, ha! Brother, your Servant.

Sir Pos. I'm none of yours. Oh! how well they are match'd! a lovely Couple indeed. A foolish old Fellow, who plays the Fop in a weather-beaten Carcase; and a young Baggage that's an impudent Coquette. No, if Wisdom her self were to attempt reforming such a Family, she wou'd do no good in't. *Dorinda*, by keeping such Company as this, may lose what Seeds of Honour I have sown in her; I must even send her into the Country to look after my Dairy and Poultry there, and then she'll be out of Harm's way.

Enter Valentine and Lewis behind.

Val. There, *Lewis*, is that villainous *Argus*, that brutish Jailor of dear *Dorinda*.

Sir Pos. [*Musing and talking to himself.*] What a strange Corruption of Manners there is in this Town — Youth runs headlong here —

Val.

Val. I'll try if I can't get acquainted with him. Perhaps that way I may be able to do some Good.

Sir Pos. Ay—I must leave this horrid Town—stay any longer, the Girl will be ruin'd.

Val. If I can but once introduce myself into his House.
[Goes round Sir Positive, and makes him a Bow.]

Sir Pos. [not regarding him.] In the Country, the Fortune, there are no such Follies!

Val. He does'n't see me sure.

Lewis. Perhaps, he's blind of that Side, let us round to the other.

Sir Pos. I thought I heard somebody speak—That all the Diversions of young Lasses go no farther than—

Lewis. Go up nearer to him.

Sir Pos. There no Coxcomb comes—[Valentine makes a low Bow.] What does he bow to me? [Lewis bows the other Side.] Again! heyday, why what's the meaning of these Ceremonies? who are you, pray? and what d'ye want?

Val. I'm afraid, I interrupt you, Sir.

Sir Pos. May be you do, Sir.

Val. But yet the Honour of your Acquaintance is great a Happiness, so exquisite a Pleasure, that I am impatient to pay my Respects to you, *Sir Positive*.

Sir Pos. Perhaps so.

Val. And I assure you, Sir, without any Dissimulation that I am entirely at your Service.

Sir Pos. That I may believe, or not, Sir, as I please.

Val. I have the good Fortune to be one of your Neighbours in the Country, Sir, for which I am extremely thankful to my happy Destiny.

Sir Pos. Um———you do well.

Val. But Sir, is there any News yet from abroad, that may be depended upon for true?

Sir Pos. Perhaps, there is, Sir—and very likely there is not, Sir. News indeed, what have I to do with News? d'ye take me for a Stock-Jobber, or a Writer of Letters or weekly-Journals? Why, Sir, I would not give a paring of my Nails for a Horse-load of News.

Val. Very true, Sir, but a Man may be curious enough sometimes to enquire — 'Tis no Matter tho', for this Town affords us other Diversions enough — Pray, how d'ye spend your Time here, *Sir Positive*?

Sir Pos. About my Business, Sir — why, what a Pize of an impertinent Fop am I pester'd with?

Val. Ay, Business! but you must sometimes relax, *Sir Positive*. A Man that's always busy, never does any Business at all.

Sir Pos. And a Man that's always talking, Sir, never talks to any Purpose; and that's one wise Saying for another.

Val. But how do you pass your Evenings generally?

Sir Pos. Pass my Evenings? Why, just as I please, Sir.

Val. You could not have said better, Sir. The highest good Sense appears in never doing any thing but what one pleases. If I did not think you were too much engag'd, I should be glad to wait upon you in an Evening sometimes, and —

Sir Pos. Sir! — your Servant. [*Aside.*] Wait on me, in an Evening indeed! a very pretty Proposal, truly! No, no, no; beware of that, beware of that. [*Exit hastily.*]

Val. Soh! what d'ye think of this whimsical Bear?

Lewis. Why, that he is one half Brute, and t'other half, something ten times worse.

Val. How shall I come at this dear Girl, or which way acquaint her with my Inclinations? Harkye Rascal; follow me in directly, and invent some Means or other to deliver me from this Perplexity, or thy Bones shall suffer for the deficiency of thy Brains. [*Exeunt.*]



SCENE, a Room in Sir Humphry Henpeck's House.

Enter Maria, Dorothea, and Lifetta.

Maria. Well, 'tis charming walking in the Park this Morning! I adore this End of the Town, my Dear.

C

Doro.

Doro. 'Tis Paradise it self, my Dear. Here one can trip out in what Dress one pleases, or at what Hour one pleases, and no Notice taken.

Maria. Ay! but if one were to do so in the City, one should have a Thousand Creatures with their *Counter-Countenances*, stuck in their Shop-Doors, to stare upon us — *Lisetta*, come hither!

Liset. Madam?

Maria. Here, take off my Hood — Softly, Clumsily; how you tumble my Head with your *Thames-street* Hands!

Liset. I do it as softly as I can, Madam.

Maria. Yes, but as softly as you can, is very rough for my Head; and you have almost pull'd my Neck out of Joint.

Doro. And here, take this Manteel, and carry it to my Wardrobe. Be sure you drag it along the Ground now. Where is the Wench going? What is she doing?

Liset. Lackaday! Madam, I don't know what you mean by your Wardrobe.

Doro. Oh Stupidity! why the Place where my Clothes hang, Ninny.

Liset. O! the Press, Madam?

Maria. Yes, the Press, if thou wilt have it so.

Liset. So a Press in the City, is a Wardrobe here it seems. Well, I shall learn all the fine Names in Time.

Maria. What Pains one must take to instruct these Animals——here, *Almanzor*, Seats here. How hard it is, one can't have somebody to reach Chairs——Well, my Dear, this is a transporting Mount, is'n't it now? and shamefully cheap——I believe the People are all dead, and that we shall be oblig'd to reach Chairs for our selves.

Enter Almanzor.

Alm. Madam, there is ——

Maria. Where have you been, Clown?

Alm. In the Street, Madam.

Maria.

Maria. And why in the Street, prithee?

Alm. Why, you bid me wait without, didn't you, Madam?

Maria. O the Blockhead! did not you know, that *without*, in Quality Terms, means only the Anti-Chamber?

Alm. But, Madam, there's a Footman below asks if you are at Home, and says his Master is coming to wait on you.

Maria. And who is this Footman's Master?

Alm. My Lord *Apemode*, Madam.

Maria. Hah! my Dear, a Lord! this must be some Person of Taste and Politeness, who has heard of us.

Doro. Certainly, my Dear.

Maria. We'll receive him where we are; but let us set our Heads in a little Order first. *Lisetta*, quick here, hold the Counsellor of Graces to us.

Liset. Troth, Madam, I don't know what Creature that is.

Maria. Bring us the Looking-Glass, Ignorance; and take care not to defile it by the communication of your Image.

Maria and Dorothea adjusting Themselves.

Martin enters with great Ceremony and salutes them.

Mar. You may very well be surpris'd, Ladies, at the Boldness of this Intrusion, but you may blame yourselves for it.

Maria. How so, my Lord?

Mar. Why, 'tis the Eclat of your Wit and Beauty, which brings it upon you; for Merit has to me such potent Charms, that I pursue it every where.

Doro. If you pursue Merit, my Lord, you must not hunt in our Grounds.

Maria. Or if there's any here, my Lord, 'tis you that have brought it along with you.

Mar. Ah, dear Madam! — Nay the very Beauty of that Compliment destroys it self, and proves that

Fame has been true to your Deserts: In short, Ladies, you *pique*, *repique*, and *capot* all that's Polite in the Univerſe.

Maria. Your Complaiſance, my Lord, is too liberal, and my Couſin and I ſhall take care not to give too much credit to your Flattery.

Doro. My Dear, I think we ſhould call for Chairs.

Maria. *Almanzor*,—Chairs this Moment!

Mar. But ſtay, Ladies, am I ſafe here?

Maria. Safe, my Lord!

Mar. Ay, is there no Cruelty deſign'd here, no Theft upon my Heart, no Attempt upon my Liberty? Hah! I ſee Eyes there, that look Suſpicious. Troth, Ladies, I muſt even ſcamper for it, unleſs you'll give Bond that they ſhall do me no Miſchief.

Maria. There's Wit and Delicacy, my Dear—oh, my Lord, our Eyes have no ill Deſigns, and your Heart may reſt ſatisfy'd of their good Behaviour.

Mar. [*combing his Wig at the Glaſs.*] Well, Ladies, what d'ye ſay of this End of the Town?

Maria. We can't ſay enough of it, my Lord.

Mar. There's nothing can be call'd Living, any where, but here.

Doro. Oh! nothing, nothing.

Mar. No, nothing—Ladies of your Accompliſhments are ſcarce ever alone, I ſuppoſe.

Maria. Alas! my Lord, we are but little known here yet.

Mar. Oh, I'll do your Buſineſs. Every body of Taſte viſits me, and I never riſe without a Dozen of the *Beaux Eſprits* at my Levée.

Maria. My Lord, we ſhall be infinitely oblig'd to you, if you'll help introduce us a little to the *Beau Monde*.

Mar. That, Madam, I ſhall do with infinite Pleaſure. There's a Knot of us, you muſt know, of both Sexes, who claim an uncontrollable Authority in the Empire of Politeness. Whatever we do, is the Standard of Taſte; and whatever we fancy, paſſes for the

the Fashion; and keeping us company only, is sufficient to establish a Reputation.

Maria. Oh, most certainly! and by that means one should be instructed in a thousand things which are the very Effence of all fashionable Conversation, and without which, I would not give a Pin for all the Wit in the World.

Mar. Wit, Madam! lack-a-day, I'll establish an Academy of Wits at your House, and promise you there shan't be a Rhime made in Town, but you shall have it by heart before any of the rest ----- As for myself, such as you see me, I write a little when I'm in the Mind: Let me see --- you'll find handed about of mine in the whole, about two hundred *Songs*, four hundred *Epigrams*, and above a thousand *Lampoons*, without reckoning *Prologues*, *Epilogues*, *Riddles*, and such like.

Maria. Oh, *Riddles*! I love a *Riddle* most furiously, I think nothing so exquisite.

Mar. Why, *Riddles* are difficult, and require a peculiar Turn of Genius and Wit --- you shall see some of mine, Madam, that won't displease you.

Doro. For my part, I'm strangely fond of an *Epigram*.

Mar. Ay, very pretty, very pretty. I have made four of them this Morning already: They exercise the Wit, and are a kind of Bitters that whet the Poetick Appetite.

Maria. Then *Odes* are agreeable too, when they are well turn'd.

Mar. *Odes*! Ay, that's my particular Talent; and I'm about turning the whole *Roman* History into *Odes*.

Maria. That must be infinitely fine: I bespeak a hundred Copies at least if 'tis printed.

Mar. I'll present you with one a-piece, Ladies, richly bound. 'Tis beneath my Quality, indeed, but I only do it for the Booksellers Profit, who are always importuning me.

Doro. No wonder they are, my Lord.

Mar. As you seem, Ladies, to be so fond of Wit and fine Things, I'll send you an *Extempore*, which I made Yesterday at a certain Duchess's of my Acquain-

tance; for I'm an old Dog at *Extempore's*, you must know.

Maria. Oh, an *Extempore* is the very Touchstone of Wit.

Mar. I have made a Tune to't likewise, which is altogether as good as the Words.

Maria. Have you learnt Musick then, my Lord?

Mar. I, Madam! No not at all.

Doro. Then how could you make a Tune, my Lord?

Mar. Oh, Madam! People of Quality *know* every thing ---- without *learning* any thing at all.

Maria. Certainly, my Dear.

Mar. Ay, ay, they have Taste and Accomplishments of every kind by *Inheritance*, Madam. They are born Poets and Painters and Musicians and every thing ----- as they are Lords. For my part I abhor all Pains, I even let Nature take its course, and trust to Paternal Wit and Merit.

Maria. But you was educated at the University, I suppose, my Lord.

Mar. Alas, Madam, no, no, that's quite out of Fashion. A College is good for nothing but to make one slovenly and pedantick. The Education of People of Fashion is now-a-days more at large.

Doro. But then you have travell'd, to be sure, my Lord.

Mar. Yes, Madam ----- I have rode *Post* thro' every Town in *Great Britain* --- for 'tis necessary, you know, to be perfectly well acquainted with one's own Country first. After that, Madam, I drove all *Europe* over, and I think I may say, without Vanity, to as much purpose as most People of Quality now-a-days do. D'ye see this Lace, Madam?

Maria. As fine as a Cobweb, my Lord.

Mar. This I purchas'd at *Brussels*. This Embroidery I had done for me in *Paris*.

Doro. Wonderfully Rich!

Mar. This Linen, wove on purpose at *Cambray*.

Maria. No Cambrick comes up to it!

Mar. This Diamond Button, Madam ———

Maria.

Maria. Ah! it puts out my Eyes —

Mar. This Brilliant I bought of a Jew at the Hague. Then as for my Solitaire — Um, I have forgot where 'twas made — But my *Chaplain* kept the Journal of my Travels, I can know of him; I think 'tis larger by some Inches than any I have seen.

Doro. Most extremely genteel!

Mar. So you see, Ladies, I did not go abroad for nothing; I'm come home a little more improv'd than I went.

Maria. Superlatively complete! your Lordship has not an Inch of any thing *English* about you.

Mar. Nothing, nothing, Madam, except this Oakenstick, in my Hand: This indeed is the Product of *Windsor Forest*.

Maria. Ay, my Lord, an *English* Club is fit to keep *English* Bull-Dogs at a distance.

Mar. D'ye observe what a furious grim Phiz here is; now when a Man is affronted, 'tis only shewing the Face of his Staff, and he has no occasion to discompose his own Countenance, you know.

Doro. True, my Lord — But did your Lordship bring home nothing from *Rome*?

Mar. A whole Barnful of Curiosities, Madam: Old Coins, Medals, Statues, and Pictures by the Hundred Weight.

Maria. All Antiques and Originals, to be sure.

Mar. Truly, Madam, I can't tell that; I was not at the pains of collecting them myself. They are what they should be, tho', I don't question; for they cost a horrid deal of Money, — and the Price you know in those cases is the only thing we ever judge by.

Doro. We'll come and see 'em, my Lord, and give our Opinion.

Mar. Lack-a-day, Madam, they are all huddled together for the present, for want of Apartments proper to place 'em in; but I have sent my Builder over to *Venice*, to bring home a Score or two of Models, and then I shall immediately fall to Building — 'tis Building! Building, Madam! by which a Man now must manifest his Taste.

Maria. Oh, I adore our new way of Building! so delicate! so quite *Novelle* and out of the Way.

Mar. Such noble *Rusticks* without, such elegant *Stuccho* within, and such a Grove of Chimnies on Top!

Doro. With Windows no larger than the Mount of one's Fan!

Maria. And a Wall before, as high again as the House; which serves so sublimely for a *Blind*, and by which means the insolent Rays of the Sun are so utterly excluded, that one would think one's self at Noon-day in some underground Cavern!

Mar. Right, Madam, but then a *Lanthorn* in the Hall, as big as a Light-house; and such a Blaze of Wax in the Evening, is so charming! Such a polite turning of Night in every respect into Day, that nothing better could ever have been thought of!

Maria. Superlatively exquisite! --- But come, my Lord, we are going to *Deard's* this Morning to purchase a few Rings and Shells, and some other Necessaries; shan't we have the Assistance of your Lordship's Fancy?

Doro. That Shop is a Cabinet of Delights! one might lay out a whole Fortune there before one knew one had got any thing one wanted --- Come, my Lord, you'll go with us.

Mar. Why, to tell you the Truth, Madam, I'm engag'd to be at a famous Auction of Books this Morning.

Maria. Your Lordship, I suppose, is a very great Reader?

Mar. Yes, Madam --- of very small Things: a Sixpenny Poem or Pamphlet, now and then a Monthly Magazine, and if I want a Nap after Dinner --- a Weekly Journal.

Maria. Oh, no body of Taste reads any thing now above a Pamphlet or News-Paper.

Mar. No, --- no more than they study any thing above *Quadrille*, or an Opera-Song --- But a Man must have a Library, you know, and then he must have Books to put in it --- and if the Gilding be good they make a pretty orderly Figure enough.

The MAN of TASTE. 41

Doro. True, my Lord --- But this shall not serve for an Excuse.

Maria. No, he positively shall go.

[*Taking hold of his Sleeve.*

Doro. [*Taking hold of t'other Sleeve.*] Yes, we insist upon it.

Mar. [*Bawling out suddenly.*] Hold! hold! hold! What d'ye mean, Ladies, what d'ye mean! what Usage is this! Murder! Murder!

Maria. Bless me! What's the matter, my Lord?

Mar. What! both at once against my Heart? to attack me Right and Left thus! 'Tis contrary to the Law of Nations: Two to one is downright Cruelty, Butchery, Murder, and Manslaughter.

Maria. Ha, ha, ha! Admirable! Witty beyond measure!

Doro. You are more afraid than hurt, and your Heart cries out before 'tis wounded.

Mar. S'life, Madam, I'm all one Wound from Head to Foot.

Maria. Come along, then, come along, you merry Mortal, for go you shall.

Mar. Nay, Madam, I find 'tis in vain for me to resist; I must be a Sacrifice to such potent Charms.

So the poor Sheep, with fragrant Flow'rs array'd,
Is drag'd a Victim to the *Cyprian* Maid;
The best and fattest must her Power appease,
So fatal 'tis, alas! too much to please!
In vain it strives, in vain it bleats, poor Beast!
Since doom'd it is, and at each Horn a Priest.



A C T



A C T III. S C E N E I.

Sir Positive Bubble and Dorinda.

Sir Pos. V E R Y well, very well, I know the Spark by the Description you give me of him; this is his House, you say?

Dorin. The same.

Sir Pos. And his Name's *Valentine*, you say?

Dorin. Yes.

Sir Pos. Very well; go you in then, lest he should chance to come out and see you here; depend upon me, let me alone; get you in and be easy, and leave me to do it; I'll go talk to the young Shatter-brains presently.

Dorin. Well, this is a bold Project ---- But the dreadful Situation I am in will sufficiently excuse me with reasonable People. [Exit.]

Sir Pos. Ay, ay, I don't wonder now he was so mighty ceremonious --- Strangely fond of my Acquaintance! --- Yes, and he should be glad to spend an Evening with me now and then: Ah, Serpent --- But let's lose no Time ---- Oh! here he is coming out, and his Shoulder-Knot Puppy at his Heels; that supple Rascal is his chief Engineer, it seems.

Enter Valentine and Lewis.

Val. *Sir Positive Bubble!* your most humble Servant, Sir. I am heartily glad to see you, Sir.

Sir Pos. And I am glad to see you, Sir, but I can't stoop so low to tell you so, --- I think your Name is *Valentine*?

Val. It is, Sir.

Sir Pos. Very well, Mr. *Valentine*; then I'm come to talk with you a little; and therefore be so good as to answer

answer me one Thing. Do you know, that I am Guardian to a Girl, young, and tolerably handsom; who lives in this Neighbourhood, and is called *Dorinda*?

Val. I do, Sir.

Sir Pos. If you know it, I need not tell it you: But do you know likewise, that I'm more nearly concern'd for her than as a Guardian, and that I design her the Honour of being my Wife?

Val. No, truly.

Sir Pos. Then, that I do tell you, because you don't know it; and at the same time, that it would be very proper for you to desist from your Pretensions, and not trouble her any more with your impertinent Passion.

Val. Who? I, Sir *Positive*?

Sir Pos. Yes, you, Mr. *Valentine* ---- Come, come, it signifies nothing to dissemble: I am not to be deceiv'd.

Val. Pray, Sir *Positive*, who told you any such thing?

Sir Pos. Why, those that may be believ'd, Sir.

Val. But who are those?

Sir Pos. She herself; What say you to that now?

Val. She!

Sir Pos. Yes, she; is not that sufficient? Like an honest Girl, she just now discovered the whole Affair to me, and what's more, charg'd me to tell you, that since you have pursu'd her thus, which she's greatly offended at, her Heart has but too well understood the Language of your Eyes; and that 'twill be in vain for you to pretend to any Favours from her, which are contrary to the Affection she reserves for me.

Val. Is it she herself, do you say, that sent you here to -----

Sir Pos. Yes, she sent me here to tell you so; and that she would sooner have let you know her Sentiments upon it, if she had found any Opportunity; but that at length she was oblig'd to make use of me to inform you, that you have follow'd and ogled her long enough, and that if you have ever so little Sense, you'll take other Measures.

Val. Take other Measures!

Sir Pos.

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Sir Pos. Ay, take other Measures, Sir, — I think 'tis plain enough.

Val. [*Aside.*] I'gad, I think so too.

Sir Pos. This, Sir, is all I have to say to you at present, and so your Servant, Sir, without any Ceremony — and we beseech you for the future to mind your own Business a little better.

Val. Soh! What dost thou think, *Lewis*, of this mysterious Business?

Sir Pos. [*At a distance, watching them.*] He's strangely surpriz'd.

Lewis. Think? why, there's no Mystery in it, Sir. At least, none that you ought to be displeas'd at. The Messenger does not look as if it came from one who had a mind you should give over your Addresses to her.

Sir Pos. It works purely.

[*Aside.*]

Val. Could I but think so, *Lewis*. Oh, the dear Charmer!

Lewis. Hush, hush, none of these Transports; you see he observes us, let's get out of his Sight.

Val. But where? What to do? I don't know where I am, nor what I say, nor —

Lewis. Come, dear Sir, come along — [*Aside.*] *Bedlam*, I think, is the fittest Place for you at present.

[*Exeunt.*]

Sir Pos. So, he's march'd off, with a Flea in his Ear. He did not expect such a Message, I'll warrant him. Now let me go in and satisfy *Dorinda*: I'm glad to find the Education I have given her, produces such good Fruit in her; Virtue is all she minds, I find; her Virtue is so very nice too, that 'tis offended at the bare Look of a Man — Well, I'll go and cherish these good Principles in her. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E

SCENE changes to a Room in Sir Positive
Bubble's House.

Dorinda sitting at a Table with a Letter, seal'd up, in
her Hand.

Dorin. I'm afraid my Lover is so blinded by his Passion, that he does not discover the Intention of my Message; and since my Case is so desperate, and I've such an excellent Messenger, I'll ev'n run the risk of sending him another, that shall speak more plainly ----- But hold ---- do I know what I am doing? Is not this Proceeding of mine liable to the severest Censure ---- What will the World say? Nay, what will He think of me? To throw off my Sex's Modesty, and confess an Inclination for a Man that's almost a Stranger to me ---- It must not be. [*Puts away the Letter.*] And yet if I do not, what must become of me? Why, I must be marry'd! marry'd to an old Brute, Tyrant, and what's worse than all, a Fool, and an obstinate Fool too; [*Taking the Letter again.*] That, neither, must not be. No, I'll rather trust to *Valentine's* Honour, and the World's Compassion ---- and so Heart take Courage! but here comes my Jailer.

[*Puts the Letter in her Pocket, and takes her Work.*]

Enter Sir Positive.

Sir Pos. Here, I am come back, Love.

Dorin. Well.

Sir Pos. Your Message has had its full Effect; our Spark's Business is done completely, and so let us talk of him no more, nor think of him no more; the fluttering Coxcomb only wanted to impose on you, and laugh at you afterwards. Ay, a thing common, a thing very common with these tinsel Blades. They have fine Clothes, Lace and Feathers in abundance; smart Wigs, white

white Teeth and a smooth Tongue; but I assure you there's a Cloven Foot underneath, and they are seducing Fiends, who endeavour to make a Prey of all female Honour.

Dorin. So I believe.

Sir Pos. Dost thou so --- Odd, give me a Kiss, give me a Kiss; I will give thee a Kiss for that.

Dorin. [*Aside.*] Oh, the Beast!

Sir Pos. [*Taking a Chair and sitting down by her.*] And now, Girl, lay aside your Work, and hearken to me a little. *Dorinda*, I intend to marry you within these few Days, for which you ought to admire my Goodness, in taking you to the Bed and Embraces of a Man, whose Heart has refus'd to a hundred Duchesse Dowagers the Honour it does you.

Dorin. [*Aside.*] Soh!

Sir Pos. Marriage, *Dorinda*, is a weighty Thing, and manifold are the Duties incumbent on a Wife. Your Soul becomes absolutely dependent in that State, and all the Power is on the *Beard-Side*: For tho' Man and Wife are two Halves of one Flesh, yet the one is the superior Half and t'other the inferior, and the Obedience which a well disciplin'd Soldier shews to his General, or a Servant to his Master is not to be compar'd with the Docility, Submission and profound Respect, which the Wife owes to her Husband, her Chief, her Lord and Master --- d'ye mind me, Girl?

Dorin. Yes, Sir *Positive*, I do mind you, indeed, and think what you say is most incomparable --- But pray what did that Coxcomb, *Valentine*, say, when you deliver'd me that Message?

Sir Pos. Say? I don't know what he said; what does it signify whether he said any thing at all or not. He would have denied the Thing at first; but when I once told him that you sent me, he was quite struck dumb --- He'll not come here again, I warrant him.

Dorin. I am afraid he will, and that he is cutting off more Work for us yet.

Sir Pos. How! what reason have you to think so?

Dorin.

Dorin. You had no sooner left me, but, just throwing up the Sash for a little Air, a gay young Fellow appear'd under the Window, who, with a low Bow, and a Compliment from *Valentine*, flung a Box directly into the Room, with a Letter in it, sealed like a *Billet-doux*; I would instantly have thrown it back to him, but he immediately made off, and left me half mad with Vexation and Resentment.

Sir Pos. Mercy on us, what a Plot is here! what a strange piece of Cunning and Knavery!

Dorin. My Virtue obliges me to send back directly both the Box and Letter to this impertinent Creature —— But who can I most properly send it by? I would not willingly give you the trouble of it, *Sir Positive* ——

Sir Pos. Oh! no trouble, no trouble —— on the contrary, Sweet-heart, 'tis a Testimony of your Love and Fidelity to me; 'tis with the utmost Joy I undertake it, and you oblige me by it more than I am able to express.

Dorin. Here, take it then.

Sir Pos. But hold, let us see what the Coxcomb says in it. Abundance of fine Velvet Trumpery, I warrant him; for 'tis a subtle Rascal.

Dorin. Ah! for goodness sake, stay, stay —— don't open it for the World, *Sir Positive*.

Sir Pos. Not open it, why so? 'twill only be a Laughing-bout for us, Chuck.

Dorin. [*Aside.*] You are much mistaken —— [*Holding his Hands as he goes to open it.*] dear Guardee, let me beg of you not to do it.

Sir Pos. Ay, but why? why?

Dorin. Why! ----- would not he have reason to believe that 'twas I did it? A Woman of strict Honour, Sir, should never dare to open a Letter sent her by a Fellow. The Curiosity one then discovers, shews a secret Pleasure in hearing one's self flatter'd: No, return him the Letter this moment, seal'd up as it is, that he may see how I despise him; that he may for ever despair of obtaining his Wishes, and no more attempt the like Extravagance.

Sir Pos.

Sir Pos. S'bobs, she's in the right on't—I am charm'd Love, with your Prudence as well as your Virtue — perceive my Instructions are rooted in her Heart — Well, Girl, by so much Discretion and Honour, you shew yourself worthy to be my Wife.

Dorin. However, Sir, I would not balk your Curiosity; you have the Letter, you may open it if you please.

Sir Pos. No, no, — no not I — lack-a-day, I have no Curiosity; no, no, your Reasons against it are too good for that. I'll go and unburden myself of it directly — But harkye me, is not this same Box that 'twas in, a gold one?

Dorin. Yes, most certainly.

Sir Pos. Hum — Why, then, I think, you need not send back that — keep it on purpose to punish the Knave. Od's me, a good Thought, and it shall be my Present to thee before our Marriage, Dove, instead of your Diamonds and such sort of Bawbles.

Dorin. By no means, *Sir Positive* — He'll then say that I accepted his Present, and only sent back the Letter to make a Shew of my Virtue, and impose upon you — O by no means.

Sir Pos. That's right again — Ay, that's true. But I'm sorry for it — 'Tis a wonderful pretty Box, and I'm strangely loth to part with it methinks, as it came so reasonable. Well, Dear, I'll be back with you again very soon, therefore wait for me below in the Parlour, and set your Heart at ease, I'll do your Business for you effectually, I'll warrant thee.

Dorin. I hope you will, Sir, and I don't doubt it before you have done. [Exit.]

Sir Pos. How glad am I, how mightily rejoic'd to see this Girl so strangely modest! What a Treasure of Honour have I in my House! To look on the very Compliments of a Man as Treason; receive a *Billet-doux* as a high Affront; and to send it back to the Spark by me myself! Wonderful! I'd fain know if my Brother's Lads would have acted thus: But young Girls are just as they are taught.

[Exit.]

SCENE,



SCENE, *the Park.*

Enter Harcourt, Horatio, and Martin.

Har. Well, Rascal ———

Mar. My Lord, if you please, Sir.

Har. Which you please, Sir; what Progress have you made in your Amour?

Mar. O! most unconscionable Progress for the Time. But lookye, Sir, I can't pretend to go on any farther with it by myself. Unless you send me some Recruits, I must raise the Siege, for they make most furious Sallies upon me; and I'gad I'm not able to stand them both.

Hor. Oh, I'll send in my Fellow *Reynard* to your Relief. He has a brave sprightly Genius, and will make an excellent *Colonel, A-la-mode.*

Mar. Ay, that will do, Sir; let me but have a Man of War for my Partner, and we'll fight it out.

Har. And yet, *Horatio*, methinks I am loth to treat 'em in this manner.

Hor. Ah! *Harcourt*, the poison'd Shirt, I find, sticks close to thy Back yet.

Har. I must confess, *Horatio*, tho' her Usage of me has forfeited my Esteem, it could not so soon cure my Love. I breath'd only for her, and my Heart lived wholly in her; and behold the worthy Recompence! I am rejected with Scorn, and my Footman, because he has a Feather and a Title, receiv'd with open Arms: 'Tis insufferable! Harkye *Martin*, be sure you never speak again to me in her Favour.

Mar. I, Sir! marry Heav'n forbid.

Har. Never attempt to excuse her Behaviour, by saying, 'tis only the Effect of Youth, and a lively Genius, and that 'tis natural for young Girls to be fond of Flutter, and dazzled with Quality——I'll hear no such Apologies.

Mar. From any body but yourself, I suppose you mean,

D

Hor.

Hor. Ha, ha, ha! *Martin's* in the right on't.

Har. But harkye, Sirrah, take care you don't over-act your Part, and let your Affectation run away with your Prudence; don't play the Buffoon instead of the Beau.

Mar. Truly, Sir, I know no difference between 'em.

Har. Yes, Sir, — but Extravagance itself may be acted extravagantly, and even a *Modern Man of Taste* may be painted too glaring.

Mar. O dear, Sir! that's impossible — Why, Sir, I have heard more Absurdities about Dressing, Singing, Gallanting, Building, Poetry, Pimping, and other parts of Modern Politeness, while I have been adjusting my Lord *Apemode's* Toupee in a Morning, than I could utter in a whole Fortnight — But see, here they are upon us — Away, Sir, away immediately!

Enter Maria and Dorothea.

Dear *Frank* and *Ned*, fare you well — I shall be glad to give you a Meeting, Boys, at honest *Jeptson's*, when you will.

Har. My Lord, your Servant — We'll obey your Summons at any time. [Exeunt *Har.* and *Hor.*]

Mar. Ah, Ladies! is the Sun risen at last? I have been expiring all this Morning for want of the animating Rays of your Beauty.

Maria. We are just come from the Levée, my Lord, and were surprized we did not see your Lordship there.

Mar. O dear, Madam, why---why---a couple of dirty Fellows, that you saw just now part from me, have kept me here these two Hours; and most cruelly persecuted me with their rusticated Conversation.

Maria. What, *Harcourt*! that stiffen'd Mortal, that so ridiculously exact always. Heavens! has he no Friend that will be so charitable as to advise him about his strange Forms?

Mar. An odd Creature, upon my Taste, and carry such an aukward Air about, that every Sight of him is a swinging Laugh, Ha, ha, ha!

Doro. Then, there was my Lover, I think, with his

that eternal Reasoner, *Horatio*, who by all that's serious had the Conscience to keep me a full Hour out of my Chariot in the Heat of the Sun.

Maria. Ay, my Dear, that is the queereſt tittle tattle Put — one that has always the Art of ſaying nothing to you, with a world of Circumlocution. You can never know what he's talking about, and all you're liſt'ning to is a mere Noiſe.

Doro. Oh! there's nothing more my Averſion except that Mortal, Lord *Treatall* we met juſt now, who has invited the whole Town to Dinner with him to-day.

Mar. Ay, he owes all his Merit to his Cook; the only Buſineſs of his Life is a *Bill of Fare*, and the only proper Place for him to ſee Company is at his Table.

Doro. And no body keeps a better.

Maria. True, if He were away. But, as he conſtantly ſerves up himſelf, *Fool* is always a ſtanding Diſh at it.

Mar. Ha, ha, ha! exquiſitely *Picturesque*. S'life, Ladies, you are as perfect in the Converſation of this End of the Town, as if you had been bred up here. You'll ſlay your Reputations by thouſands and ten thouſands.

Maria. Why, truly, my Lord, I hope in a little time we ſhall become ſociable Creatures, and fit to converſe with the humane part of our Species; for to ſay the Truth, we have ſerv'd a kind of Apprentiſhip to it. We were under the Tutorage of the polite Mrs. *Slanderwell*, the whole Seafon, at *Bath*, laſt Year.

Mar. Ah, poor *Slanderwell*! that was an excellent, dear, good-natur'd Creature.

Maria. Was! — What d'ye mean?

Mar. She is no more!

Doro. No more!

Mar. No — ſhe loſt her laſt Thouſand t'other Night at the Maſquerade, in the Habit of a *Roman Veſtal*; and then went home, and ſhook Hands with the World.

“ As Fair, as Fearless, and as full resolv’d,
 “ As any *Greek*, or *Roman* of them all.

Maria. I don’t understand you, my Lord.

Mar. Why she took a Dose of generous *Laudanum*, Madam, that’s all—— a pretty free Glas of *Aqua Mortis*, and so chous’d her Ill-fortune at once.

Maria. Poor Creature! I am ready to weep for her——and yet I scarce pity her neither, she dy’d so politely.

Mar. Oh very politely! yes, yes, very politely. *Laudanum* is the Tip-top of the Fashion at present.

Maria. Oh, ’tis the most charming genteel way of doing the Thing, when People are a little out of humour with the World. And then one must needs look so compos’d after it too.

Doro. True——and one would not care to look frightful when one’s dead.

Maria. But what a pity it is, that it should be polluted, as it too often is, by the unhallowed Hands of vulgar Wretches!

Mar. That’s true, indeed; and I think ’tis a shame the Vulgar should be suffered to make such an honourable End.

Doro. But there’s no keeping the Creatures from mimicking their Betters.

Mar. That’s very right, for ’twas but t’other Day that I overheard two of my own Footmen setting up for *Free-Thinkers*; and, o’ my Conscience, they rally’d as well on the Affair, and talk’d as smartly against Superstition and Priest-craft, and going to Church, and all that, as the best of us all could ha’ done.

Maria. Insolent Animals!

Mar. Ay, for these are Privileges, which People of Breeding and Distinction only should enjoy—— But come, Ladies, there’s a new Play to be rehears’d this Morning, which I should be glad to usher you to.

Maria. Nay, Cousin, this Offer is not to be refus’d.

Mar.

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Mar. But, I beg you'll give it a Character; for I'm engag'd to support it. 'Tis the Custom here, you must know, for Authors to come and read to us Persons of Quality their new Performances, that we may spread their Reputation; and I'll leave you to imagine, if the Pit dare contradict us. For my part, I'm very punctual in this respect, and when I have once made a Promise to a Poet, I'm sure to cry out, *That's fine*, before the Candles are lighted.

Maria. Very well, my Lord, since we are instructed, we shall extol every thing that's said.

Mar. Then, to let you into a Secret, Ladies, you must know, I have wrote a Play myself, which I design'd to have had acted, but that the rascally Players had the Infolence to say there was no Wit in it. But 'tis time to go, Ladies, if we would be there at the Beginning.

Maria. Oh, my Lord, we'd not lose a Speech, for the Universe.

Doro. No, not a single Line, for the World. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Valentine and Lewis.

Val. What is it?

Lewis. Troth, Sir, I don't know what it is, nor what it means. A Box and a Letter, I think the old Savage said, which *Dorinda* had receiv'd from you, which she is mighty angry about, and returns the Letter without ever opening it — Dear Sir, open it yourself, and read it quickly, and let's see whether I am out in my Conjectures or not.

VALENTINE [*Reads.*]

SIR,

I Don't question but this Letter will very much surprize you; and both my Design in writing, and the Manner of sending it may be thought very rash in me. But my Condition will suffer me to observe no Forms. The Apprehension of a detested Marriage, with which I am threatned within Days, makes me venture at any thing; and as I'm deter-

min'd to deliver myself from it at any rate, I thought it better to choose you, than despair. You have for some time, by your Actions, given me reason to guess at your Inclinations; and I would not have you think that the Difficulties I'm under, are the only Cause of my favourable Sentiments for you, tho' they indeed could only oblige me to discover 'em in this manner, and break through the Formalities which the Decency of my Sex requires — If you have Humanity in your Soul, you'll assist me speedily — and if you have Honour in your Breast, you'll do it in a Manner that shall be the least injurious to the Reputation of the distress'd

DORINDA.

Lewis. Well, Sir, is not this Contrivance an Original?

Val. Yes; now, *Lewis*, I think her perfectly adorable. These Strokes of her Wit and Friendship add fresh fuel to my Passion. Her Understanding, I see, is as beautiful as her Person, and this Discovery of her Affection, is far from being any Reproach to her Modesty, that it convinces me that all female Virtue, as we young Fellows think, does not lie in Grimace; but that the Substance is as well as the Shadow. All that her dear Heart felt, has her honest Hand here written: In Terms too moving, so full of Goodness, so exquisitely frank, as well as tender — just as pure Nature speaks, and noble generous Sentiments suggest. [*Reads again.*] *If you have Humanity in your Soul, assist me speedily; and if you have Honour in your Breast, do it in a Manner that shall be the least injurious to the Reputation of the distress'd Dorinda.* Sure, never yet was Wretch so void of either, as not to listen to such a Call as this.

Lewis. Sir, pray pocket up your Letter for the present, and reserve your Comment upon it till another Opportunity; for here's our Gentleman upon our Heels again.

Enter Sir Positive Bubble.

Lewis. [*Making up to him.*] Your humble Servant, Sir, I have return'd the Letter to my Master, Sir. Would you please to have any thing more with me, Sir?

Sir Pos. Yes, Sir, I'd have you hang'd if I could; but as that can't be done presently, I'd have you advise your Master to give us no more Disturbance of this kind again.

Lewis. Sir, my Master's here, if you please to speak to him yourself.

Sir Pos. Well, Mr. *Foppington*, will you send Love-Letters with Gold Boxes again? You see how your precious Presents are receiv'd. 'Tis wasting Powder to kill Sparrows, I assure you, Sir. The Girl is wise, and has plac'd her whole Affection on me, so you had better march off and attack some other Place.

Val. Your Merit, Sir, I must confess, is too great an Obstacle to my Addresses, and you are bless'd with so many Accomplishments, both of Body and Mind, that 'tis Folly in me to dispute *Dorinda's* Love with you.

Sir Pos. Very true — we know it.

Val. Yes, Sir, I here quit all my Pretensions to you; but then let a miserable Lover, whose Torment you are the Cause of, obtain one Favour of you however.

Sir Pos. I don't know that, 'till I hear what it is.

Val. 'Tis only this, that you would assure the charming *Dorinda* of the Purity as well as the Sincerity of my Passion for her, and that I never entertain'd a Thought which might offend her Honour.

Sir Pos. Very well.

Val. That having my Fortune as well as Inclinations in my own Power, my utmost Ambition was to have fix'd them both upon her, had not your more fortunate Destiny prov'd a Bar to my Hopes.

Sir Pos. Right.

Val. That happen what will, I shall love her to my latest Gasps, and that nothing could have put an end to my eager Addresses, but the just Regard I have for your superior Merit.

Sir Pos. You speak wisely.

Val. And when you have inform'd her of this, tell her likewise, that if she can think of any Method by which I may more effectually demonstrate the Honour of my Intentions, let her but make me acquainted with it, and I'll not be slack in the Execution.

Sir Pos. Very well, very well, I'll go presently and tell her what you say, which I'm sure will please her; harkye, young Man, as you seem to deal so frankly with me, and resign your Pretensions with so much Honour, I'll give you one piece of Advice — Get rid of this foolish Passion as soon as you can, d'ye hear me? don't let it hang about you like a Third-day's Ague, to vex the poor Heart of thee, don't; no, don't, I say, Ha, ha, ha!

Val. I'll take your Advice, Sir, and seek an effectual Remedy for it as speedily as possible; and so farewell, Sir. [*Aside.*] What a special Cully have we to deal with! [*Exit.*]

Sir Pos. Ha, ha, ha! I could not help laughing at him, and yet I pity the poor Wretch too; yes, I do pity him with all my Heart, for it must be a sad thing to love so violently, and yet despair at the same time. But he was a silly Dog to take it in his Head to besiege a Fort which I was Master of.

When Love and Duty guard the Virgin's Breast,
The Coxcomb's vain Attempts are all a Jest. [*Exit.*]



A C T IV. S C E N E I.

SCENE, *A Room in Sir Humphry Henpeck's House.*

Sir Humphry Henpeck and Freelove meeting.

Free. **S**IR Humphry, your Servant.

Sir Hum. Mr. Freelove, I'm your very humble Servant. I'm much pleas'd to see you here, Sir.

Free.

Free. Then I hope, Sir, you'll be pleas'd with what brought me here ——— you have known young *Harcourt* for some time, I think, Sir *Humphry*.

Sir Hum. Ay, marry have I, and known him so well, that I know few young Fellows that deserve so well.

Free. I'm glad to hear you have so great a Value for him; for 'tis on his Account I'm come to wait on you.

Sir Hum. I was acquainted with his Father in my Journey to *Rome*; he was a very honest Gentleman, Mr. *Freelove*.

Free. I know it, Sir.

Sir Hum. We were then but Eight and Twenty Years of Age, and a couple of jovial Blades, adod.

Free. I don't doubt it.

Sir Hum. We whisk'd the *Roman* Ladies about, and made some Noses swell, let me tell you; our Pranks then was all that was talk'd of.

Free. This is all mighty well, Sir *Humphry*; but to come to Business. *Harcourt*, I know, has a very great Esteem for your Daughter, and as I wish the young Fellow very well, I thought my Application in his Favour might facilitate the Affair.

Sir Hum. Mr. *Freelove*, there's nothing more I desire than such an Alliance. He was here himself Yesterday on the same Business, when the Jade prov'd a little resty, it seems, and thereby gave some Disgust. But he must not mind that; adod, when I was as young as he is, I did not regard a Girl's flouncing a little.

Free. But how does my Lady approve of the Design, Sir *Humphry*? we had best speak to her ———

Sir Hum. No matter; no matter; I approve of it, that's enough.

Free. But t'won't be amiss to have her Consent too; Things will go the smother.

Sir Hum. There's no need on't; I'll answer for my Wife, and take the Business upon myself.

Free.

Free. Be it so: I'll leave you then to speak to her, and will return again presently to hear what you have done.

Sir Hum. O, 'tis done already, since 'tis my Pleasure; but here she comes, I'll let her know my Intention directly. [Exit Free]

Enter Lady Henpeck.

Sir Hum. Soh! Wife; I'm glad you are come, for I have something to ———

La. Hen. Pray, *Sir Humphry*, learn to speak to me in a more civil manner. Will you never leave off that barbarous Rusticity of Behaviour? I must tell you, *Sir*, don't understand being treated so familiarly. *Sob, Woe*, indeed!

Sir Hum. Well, my Lady, then, if it must be so — I have an Affair of Importance to talk to you about, and therefore, laying aside Ceremony, hark you me a little!

La. Hen. Hark you me a little! O horrible! was there ever such a Phrase! Why, *Sir Humphry*, will you be always murdering of Grammar and Construction thus?

Sir Hum. S'bobs and Budakins, I can bear no longer. I must spit my Venom, let what will come of it. Do you see me, Wife? this ridiculous Nicety, and farcical Affectation of Learning and Taste, and the Duce knows what makes you laugh'd at every where for a downright Mad woman.

La. Hen. How!

Sir Hum. Yes, your being always poring over Books thus, is mere Frenzy: and except a great *Plutarch*, that I keep my Bands in, you ought to burn all this useless Trumpery. I'll have you likewise remove out of the Garret that monstrous Telescope, that's enough to frighten one. You should not meddle with what's done in the *Moon*, but what's done in your own Family a little more. In short, this Humour of yours has infatuated the whole House. They know the Motions of *Venus*, *Saturn* and *Mars*, all whom I have nothing to do with; and understand every thing but what they ought to understand.

La. H.

La. Hen. Very well! Sir.

Sir Hum. To reason, forsooth, is the Business of my House, so that Reasoning has banish'd all Reason out of it; and I have a heap of Servants, without ever being serv'd. One, in reading Poetry, burns my Meat; another, when I call for Drink, squeaks in *Recitativo*.

La. Hen. How this Grossness of Imagination shocks me! Is the Body, that Rag, of any Importance? no, our only Concern ought to be nourishing the Mind with the Food of Learning.

Sir Hum. My Body is myself, and I'll take care on't. You may call it a Rag if you please, but that Rag is dear to me; and that same Food of the Mind is but airy Nourishment for't. But I say again, Wife, that a Woman's Library ought to be nothing but a Thimble or two, a Thread-Paper, and a sufficient Quantity of Pins and Needles.

La. Hen. Mighty well, wife Sir; won't you please to go on? have you ne'er another Bolt to shoot?

Sir Hum. [*Aside.*] S'bud she begins to look like herself, I must give over in time, or we shall be all in the Suds here — No, Love, let's talk no more of this, but come to the Business I wanted to consult you upon. Our Girl, you know, is now ripe for Matrimony, and I think we should do well to find out a Match for her.

La. Hen. Oh, don't you take any care about that — I have provided a Husband for her already.

Sir Hum. But I have one propos'd to me that I have a great Respect for, and that is young *Harcourt*; you know him, my Dear.

La. Hen. Yes, Sir *Humphry*, better than you know him, or than he knows himself. I know him to be an Ignoramus, Sir.

Sir Hum. In troth, that may be, but however, he's allow'd by every body to be a Gentleman of Honour, Wit, Courage and Discretion.

La. Hen. How, Sir! I have no Judgment at all then, I suppose.

Sir Hum.

Sir Hum. Softly, Duck, I don't say that.

La. Hen. What, are you resolv'd to maintain his Cause?

Sir Hum. No not I, — but what's his Fault?

La. Hen. Are you so sottish, as to take his Part against all Sense and Reason?

Sir Hum. By no means, my Lady. But what's his Crime?

La. Hen. I'll warrant, you'd represent it as a thing of no Consequence, instead of being in a Rage with him, as you ought to be.

Sir Hum. No, no, my Jewel, I am in a Rage, in a horrible Rage; and I wish I had the Rascal here. But after all, what has he done tho'?

La. Hen. Done! Why, he had the Impudence to say in my Hearing, that Learning in Women was like Drunkenness in Men—only made 'em both ridiculous and impertinent.

Sir Hum. Is that all?

La. Hen. What, don't you think it an unpardonable Affront?

Sir Hum. Yes, yes, yes to be sure.

La. Hen. I should have been glad to have seen you gone about to excuse it.

Sir Hum. Lack-a-day, Love! I don't intend to do any such thing.

La. Hen. Or after this, would you so much as think of giving him your Daughter? No, but there's a young Nobleman now in the House, Lord *Apemode* he calls himself. He's a Man something like a Man; a Man of Wit, a Man of Politeness, a Man of Judgment, and a Man of Gallantry. And I hope, *Sir Humphry*, you'll give me leave to be a better Judge of these things than you are.

Sir Hum. To be sure, you are, Wife. Ay, ay, to be sure.

La. Hen. Very well, Sir; then don't offer to speak a Word against my Choice. I'll go and settle it with our Daughter directly. Don't pretend to argue with me, for I'm resolv'd, and that's Reason enough.

[Exit Lady Henpeck.

Enter

Enter Freelove.

Free. Well, Sir *Humphry*, my Lady's gone I perceive — you have open'd the Affair to her?

Sir Hum. Yes, yes.

Free. With what Success? Has she given her Consent?

Sir Hum. Not quite, yet.

Free. Does she refuse?

Sir Hum. No.

Free. Does she take time to consider?

Sir Hum. No, no, she never takes time to consider — But she has propos'd another Man.

Free. Another Man!

Sir Hum. Yes, one Lord *Apemode*, I think, that she's mighty fond of.

Free. What! that insignificant Coxcomb, that Retailer of other People's Wit and Verses; I'd as soon marry my Daughter to an Echo — Pray, what Answer did you make her?

Sir Hum. None at all — for if I had, I should have pull'd an old House about my Ears.

Free. A fine Reason. [*Aside.*] However you insisted upon *Harcourt's* being the Man.

Sir Hum. No, for finding she was resolv'd on t'other, I thought 'twas better let alone.

Free. Is it possible, Sir *Humphry*, a Man can be so irresolute as to give his Wife such an absolute Power over him, and be afraid to contradict whatever she's set on?

Sir Hum. You speak it with a great deal of Ease, Mr. *Freelove*; but you don't know what a Fury she is when she once gets into the Humour. She makes a great stir about Philosophy, but she's never the less passionate for it; and if she's cross'd never so little in any of her Whims, a horrible Tempest ensues for a Fortnight at least. Whenever she begins her Noise, I know not where to hide me, she's such a Dragon; and yet notwithstanding all this, I'm forc'd to call her my *Heart* and my *Life*.

Free.

Free. Her Power, Sir *Humphry*, is founded upon nothing but your Weakness. Can't you for once resolve to shew yourself a Man, and be so bold as to say — *I will have it so?* Will you let your Daughter be sacrific'd to her Whims, and give all your Wealth to a ridiculous Ninny, for six Lines of other People's Poetry scurvily repeated?

Sir Hum. What you say is true, Mr. *Freelove*; and I'm resolv'd for the future to pluck up Courage.

Free. That's well said.

Sir Hum. 'Tis a shameful thing to be under a Wife's Command.

Free. Right.

Sir Hum. She has play'd upon my easy Temper.

Free. True.

Sir Hum. Led me by the Nose like an Ass.

Free. She has so.

Sir Hum. But I'll presently let her know that my Daughter's my Daughter; that I am her Master, and will give her to whom I please.

Free. Ay, now you talk something like.

Sir Hum. Come along with me, Mr. *Freelove*, and you shall be Witness of my Resolution. I have born it too long, but will now shew myself a Man in spite of all the Wives in Christendom; but come, we'll go in, and take a Bumper or two first, that we may stand it out the stouter.

Free. With all my Heart, Sir *Humphry*; 'tis providently thought of.

Sir Hum. Ay, Sir, and then you shall see what I am. You shall judge who wears the Breeches here. [Exeunt]



SCENE changes to Sir Positive Bubble's House.

Sir Positive Bubble and Dorinda.

Sir Pos. Never sure was poor Rascal so Thunder-struck as this *Valentine* when I return'd him his Letter unopen'd. He now despairs of all Hope, and has quite drawn off; but

but he conjur'd me to tell you, that his Love for you was the most pure and honourable, that his utmost Ambition was to have made you his Wife, and by that means, Mistress both of his Inclinations and Fortune; and that nothing could have put an end to his Addresses, but the just Regard he has for my superior Merit.

Dorin. [*Aside.*] I am glad I'm not deceiv'd in him. His Looks always told me the Innocence of his Passion.

Sir Pos. At the same time he bid me assure you, that he should still love you to his latest Gasp, poor Puppy! and that if you can think of any Method by which he can more effectually prove it, if you'll but make him acquainted with it, he'll not be slack in the Execution.

Dorin. [*Aside.*] Very well, I know my Messenger then.

Sir Pos. These are his very Words; and truly, Dove, I'm so far from blaming him, that I heartily pity his Misfortune.

Dorin. I'm sorry, *Sir Positive*, you should pity a Man that I so much abhor; for if you had that Love for me you pretend, you'd be sensible of the Affront I have received from his Addresses.

Sir Pos. But, Sweetheart, he did not know your Inclinations before I told him; and the Honesty of his Intentions —

Dorin. Is the endeavouring then to run away with People, such an honest Intention? Is it the Part of a Man of Honour to lay a Plot for carrying me off, and marrying me by Violence? Could I have endur'd Life after such Infamy?

Sir Pos. How!

Dorin. Yes, indeed, the insolent Creature talks of obtaining me by Force, I hear; and I can't imagine for my part, by what secret Practices he came to the Knowledge of our being to be marry'd so soon, since I knew nothing of it myself, till Yesterday you told me so. But 'tis certain he's acquainted with it, and vows to prevent it.

Sir Pos. Vows, a Fool! lack-a-day, what do his Vows signify?

Dorin.

Dorin. For Shame! your Mildness encourages his Fool. If you had talk'd roundly to him, he would have fear'd your Rage, as much as my Resentment; for 'tis since returning his Letter that he has form'd this Design, and as far as I can perceive, he presumes, truly, that I have no manner of Aversion to him, and that whatever the World thinks, I should look on it as no hard Bargain to exchange you for him.

Sir Pos. O Fool! Fool! no hard Bargain, quotha — a flimsy-back'd, spindle-shank'd, feather-brain'd Son of a fine Lady!

Dorin. Alas! *Sir Positive*, he imposes upon you with his specious Affirmations. I'm very unhappy, I'm sure, that after all the care I take to live with Honour and Reputation, I must still be expos'd to the Mortification of his infamous Attempts against me.

Sir Pos. [*Aside.*] What a virtuous Creature am I blest with!

Dorin. For my part, I declare, unless you exert yourself against him, and find some way to rid me of his continual Persecution, I'll give up every thing, and no longer endure these repeated Affronts.

Sir Pos. Dear Jewel, don't be so much concern'd. Fear nothing, nor regard nothing. I am your Champion, and no harm shall befall thee.

Dorin. Oh! nay, Sir, if you don't regard it, I have no more to say. I beg your Pardon for giving you all this Trouble. He's a very honest Man, and means no harm. I begin to have a better Opinion of him myself.

Sir Pos. No, no, I don't say that, I don't say that. He's a rash, hot-headed rascally Scoundrel, and I'll go find him out, and sing him such a Tune —

Dorin. Do then, this moment, dear Sir; and be sure you rattle him off. Tell him that 'tis in vain for him to deny his Intentions; that I was inform'd from very good Hands, of his Design to watch our House from this very Day, and to take the first Opportunity of carrying me off by Force. But that after this Notice, I defy him to surprize me.

me, and unless he would bring some Misfortune on himself, he must take care not to be told things twice over.

Sir Pos. I'll be sure to be punctual, and tell him all.

Dorin. But do it in a Tone that may convince him, it comes from my Heart.

Sir Pos. That I will, verily, my Life.

Dorin. And pray, *Sir Positive*, make all the haste you can; I'll go into my Closet in the mean time, and meditate on those excellent Instructions you gave me to Day. I shall be impatient 'till you return. I languish if you are out of my Sight a single Moment. [Exit.

Sir Pos. Go, go, go you dear, charming, lovely — God's my Heart, I don't know a Name sweet enough to give thee. Ay, this is as Women ought to be, and not like your Coquettes, and prancing Sluts that think the more Fellows they have at their Heels the better. Ah! these are sad Times for poor Husbands, and Virtue is precious, very precious! But what do I stand here for? she may justly blame me for being so dilatory in an Affair that gives her so much concern — and on my Account too. [Exit.



SCENE changes to *Sir Humphry Henpeck's House.*

Enter Lady Henpeck, Maria, Dorothea, and Martin.

La. Hen. I must confess, my Lord, I was prejudiced in your Favour from the first Moment I saw you, and I must own I have a superlative desire to contract some Alliance with Families of Quality, in order to enoble the Blood of the *Henpecks*.

Mar. Madam, your Ladyship judges extremely right. Who of any Spirit or Soul in the Universe would marry their Daughter to a sneaking hidebound Cit, whose only Pride is, that he has got what he has, and therefore lives

E

within

within Bounds, as they term it? Who expects a Wife should be a mere Drudge, and think of nothing but her Family and Children?

Maria. } Fogh!
Doro. }

Mar. Now a Woman that marries one of us, is quite another thing; and therefore your wealthy Citizens are very much in the right to dispose of their Daughters at this End of the Town. Here we know how to make a Gentleman-like use of their Fortunes; and treat them as they deserve to be treated.

La. Hen. 'Tis a great Abuse to us, my Lord, to make the Extent of our Understanding reach no farther than to judge of the Air of a Petticoat, or the Pattern of a Brocade.

Maria. But we are resolv'd to rise higher, my Lord, and set our Wits at Liberty.

Doro. And shew the World that our Sex is as much superior within as it is without.

Mar. Madam, I adore the Brightness of some Ladies Intellectuals, if possible, more than the Splendor of their Eyes.

La. Hen. The first Opportunity I have, my Lord, I'll lay before you a Treatise, I've written myself, as a Plan for erecting a female Academy; a Project which *Plato* foolishly gave over, when he wrote his Treatise of *Republicks*—But now, my Lord, as your Proposals are so very honourable, I'll immediately send for a Lawyer to draw up the Writings; for Sir *Humphry* has some foolish Whims, I know not what, about some other Match; but that stands for nothing. However, the more Dispatch the better, and so, my Lord, your most devoted humble Servant. [*Exit*]

Mar. Madam, I am superlatively yours—What an extreme Happiness is it to me, to stand so fair in the good Graces of so discerning a Lady!

Maria. And now, my Lord, what think you of sacrificing an Hour or two to a Party at *Ombre*?

Mar. Why truly, Madam, I think the Moments too precious, at present, to be sacrific'd to any Deity but her that rules in those Eyes.

Maria

Maria. Flattering Creature!

Mar. Besides, Madam, I never play at Cards when I know what to do with myself else.

Doro. Not play at Cards, my Lord!

Mar. No, Madam——never but o' *Sundays*.

Maria. *Sundays*!

Mar. Yes, *Sunday* is a kind of a queer Day, you know——no Plays, nor Masquerades, nor Operas——in short, nothing good stirring——which, by the bye, is a horrid Shame in a Christian Country; and so then I go to my Lady *Vermilion's* Assembly.

Doro. Ay, my Dear, at this End of the Town, you see, they employ every Day as they ought to do. Now in the City they think of nothing but going to Church of a *Sunday*.

Mar. Um---that's mighty odd, indeed---'Tis for want of a better Education; they'll learn better in time.——But I knew a rich old Citizen now, that always set that Day apart, for settling all the Accounts of the former Week in.

Doro. Why, don't you remember, my Dear, that thy Father us'd to lock himself up in his *Counting-House* that Day, and made us believe he was at his Devotions?

Mar. Troth, very likely, Madam, for I suppose Gold was his God.

Mar. Ha, ha, ha!---Well, my Dear, we shall now know how to spend our *Sundays* better for the future.

Doro. We shall come by degrees to live as we should do.

Maria. I hope we shall, my Dear——And I have made one good step towards it this very Morning; for I have given positive Orders that if any Tradesmen come with their Bills, they should wait at least six Hours before they had their Answer, and sixteen Months before they were paid. Don't you make the impertinent Blockheads wait, my Lord?

Mar. No, Madam, they never wait upon that score at my House----Because they are sure it would be to no purpose if they did---you must know, Madam, I have two

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sorts of Debts, which I pay two very different ways —
My Debts of Honour I pay with my Ready-Money; and
my Tradesmen's Debts, I pay with my ---- Honour ----
which is ready upon all Occasions.

Maria. } Ha, ha, ha!
Doro. }

Mar. Lack-a-day, Madam, what would a Title be
good for, if it did not excuse People from doing things
beneath their Quality?

Maria. To be sure, my Lord ----- you ought to have
some honourable Distinctions attending it.

Enter Footman.

Foot. Madam, there's a Gentleman below come to wait
on you.

Maria. Who is it, pr'ythee?

Foot. Colonel Cockade, Madam.

Mar. Colonel Cockade?

Maria. So he says; do you know him, my Lord?

Mar. Know him, Madam! why, he's my Intimate,
my Particular, my very Shield and Buckler.

Maria. Desire him quickly to walk up.

Mar. We han't seen one another since the Campaign,
I'm quite transported with the thoughts of shaking hands
once more with my old Fellow-warrior ——— Oh, here
he comes:

Enter Reynard.

Mar. My dear Colonel!

[*Running to him, and embracing him.*]

Rey. My dear Lord *Apemode!*

Mar. How glad am I to see thee!

Rey. How rejoic'd am I to meet thee here!

Mar. Dear Rogue, kifs me.

Maria. Ay, my Dear, now we begin to be known. The
Beau monde have found the way to our House at last.

Doro. True, my Dear, we saw nothing like this in the
City.

Maria. Oh! don't mention the City. Aukward, uncon-
verfible, Buckram Animals!

Mar.

Mar. Ladies, I beg leave to introduce this Gentleman to you, and to say in one word for my Friend all that can be said — He's worthy of your Acquaintance — if any one can be so: For you behold in him, one of the greatest Heroes the Age can boast. He's a very brave Man; very brave, indeed.

Rey. You are not inferior, my Lord; we know that you can do something too. We have stood a little Lightning and Thunder together.

Mar. 'Tis true, we have seen each other upon occasion.

Rey. Ay, and where 'twas very hot too.

Mar. [*Looking on the Ladies.*] But not so hot as 'tis here, my Friend.

Rey. No, we must have been more than Salamanders to have bore it then: My Liver is already scorched up to very Gunpowder.

Mar. Oh, your Servant, Sir.

Rey. War is a fine thing; but, the Court don't recompense Men of Merit, like us, as it ought — I think this Arm was made for a Truncheon.

Mar. And I think I could wear a Cockade with as good an Air, and make as decent a Figure in Regimentals, as the best Commander in *Europe*: And let me tell you, that's all in all --- at a *Review*. But the highest Merit is now-a-days overlook'd. So I shall ev'n hang up my Sword for the future, and engage in no Wars hereafter, but where Beauty is the Prize, and *Venus* the Leader.

Maria. For my part, I have a passionate Regard for Men of the Sword.

Doro. Oh! nothing is so engaging as the Outside of a Soldier, but then I'd have his Inside always season'd with Attic Salt and polite Acquirements.

Mar. For my part, Madam, I have taken particular care about that, and I think I may say without Vanity, that I have had the complete Education of a modern fine Gentleman. I have Musick, Madam, at my Fingers Ends; can cut a Caper as high as *Poitier* himself; tols a Die with as good an Air as any Duchesse in Town; and have fought *Jemmy Figg* thro' all his Weapons.

Maria. I have often thought it, my Lord, a very great Hardship that we Women mayn't frequent Mr. Figg's Amphitheatre, as well as you Gentlemen.

Mar. True, Madam, and I'll endeavour to bring it about; for 'tis a glorious Diverſion, I aſſure you, as well as a modiſh one — But, as I was telling you, Madam — as ſoon as I had furniſh'd myſelf with theſe polite Accompliſhments, I reſolv'd to crown all with a Smattering of Philoſophy; and for that purpoſe am now, *Fellow of the Royal Society.*

Rey. And I am a *Free Maſon*, Ladies, which is the ſame thing, you know: But ſtill the Wars, the Wars for me. Don't you remember, my Lord, that half Moon we gain'd laſt Campaign, at the Siege of *Cremona*?

Mar. You forget, you forget, my Dear: What do you talk of a half Moon? 'twas a whole Moon, indeed.

Rey. True, true, it was a whole Moon, a whole Moon, indeed; you took one half and I t'other; that made it a whole Moon exactly, my Lord.

Mar. Ay, troth, I have reaſon enough to remember it; for I carry ſome honourable Marks of it about me: But come, Ladies, what ſay you of making a Party for the *French* Players? There's a charming Piece perform'd there to-night.

Rey. Where our unpoliſh'd Beef-and-Pudding *Engliſh* Clowns are ſo roſted!

Maria. I have neglected my *French* ſo ſhamefully of late I ſhouldn't underſtand 'em enough to find out the Senſe of the Play.

Mar. The Senſe of the Play; Ha, ha, ha! — Why, Madam, you may find out all the Senſe that's in it, without underſtanding a ſingle Syllable.

Maria. Well, that's pure!

Mar. Beſides, 'tis being ten times more polite, Madam — 'tis quite out of Faſhion to go to any thing one underſtands.

Rey. Ay, Madam, 'tis the Beauty of all polite Diverſions, not to put People upon the Drudgery of Thinking

The Eye and the Ear are enough to be employ'd — enough in Conscience.

Mar. And let me tell you, Ladies, we that are at the head of these Things, are negotiating an Affair which will raise our Diversions to a much nobler pitch — In short, we are in treaty with all the Princes of *Europe*, to furnish us with Strolers of every Country — in twenty unknown Languages at least; so that we shall have Performers of every Nation in *Europe* — but our own.

Rey. And all this too, Ladies, at the most trifling Expence imaginable, — as we have contriv'd it.

Mar. Not above Fifty Thousand a Year at most — and suppose every Penny of it should be carried out of the Kingdom, what's that to a wealthy trading Nation, you know?

Maria. A mere Trifle — I'll subscribe a Hundred a Year myself — harkye, *Lisetta*, — Tell Mr. *Skip* the Mercer, that he must stay another Twelvemonth, at least, for his Money.

Doro. Ay, let a hundred of those homebred Animals starve, rather than abate a Foreigner One Shilling of his Demand.

Mar. Well, Ladies, if you are not for regaling on *Francisque*, what think you of a Taste of *Faronelli* to-night?

Doro. Oh! that charming Creature, *Faronelli*!

Maria. Oh, Ravishing! Transporting! Killing!

Doro. Admiration itself can't express it.

Maria. Dying is too little. He does more than kill one — But, my dear Lord, how barbarously d'ye think I was treated last time I was to hear him?

Mar. Truly, Madam, I can't tell: squeez'd to a Jelly, I suppose.

Maria. Oh, worse than that.

Mar. Worse than that! lost your Watch or Snuff-Box, perhaps.

Maria. Worse, much worse!

Mar. How! Nay then, I can't guess.

Maria. Why, I had a great fat She-Creature sat next

me, that had got the Phthifick, and wheesed so hideously all the time, that I could not hear a single *Piano*! ---

Mar. Oh, the Brute! that she must needs breathe indeed.

Maria. A Citizen! an Alderman's Wife, I'll be sworn! I could have almost wish'd her Husband's Fur-Gown had been ramm'd into her Throat.

Rey. Ha, ha, ha! But come, Ladies, shall we attend you there?

Maria. We can't possibly stir out this Evening, Sir.

Mar. Let us have Musick here then, and divert ourselves with a Dance.

Rey. Well thought of, my Lord!

Maria. That we consent to.

Doro. But then we must make an Addition to our Company.

Mar. My Servants shall fly to every Corner of the Town. So ho, *Rapiere, Picard, Chovette, Tournay, Delaroune.* The duce take all these negligent Rascals, where are they all wander'd to? I don't think there's a Nobleman in *England* so ill serv'd as I am; and yet I have not an *English* Slave about me, except my Postilion, whose Name I never yet heard.

Maria. *Almanzor*, tell my Lord's Servants to go and fetch us Musick, and bring some of our Neighbours here to people the Ball.

Maria. But come, Gentlemen, we'll remove into a more expanded Apartment, and meet our Company there.

Mar. Wherever you lead, Ladies, we shall follow voluntarily. [Exeunt.]

Enter Sir Humphry and Freelove.

Sir Hum. I'll warrant, we'll manage her now, old Boy. Ods me, this *Burgundy* has set me upon the Ropes so, that I could encounter a Den of Lions.

Free. Well resolv'd, *Sir Humphry*: but take care my Lady does not get the better of you a second time.

Sir Hum.

Sir Hum. Do you take me for an Oaf, Mr. *Freelove*?

Free. No, Sir *Humphry*, but ———

Sir Hum. Am I not old enough to be Master in my own House?

Free. Certainly, but ———

Sir Hum. Am I so weak as to be led by the Nose by a Wife?

Free. Oh, by no means.

Sir Hum. Am not I Lord Paramount here? and shan't I dispose of my own Daughter as I think meet? Shall a Wife pretend to contradict my Humour?

Free. No, to be sure, O here she comes.

Sir Hum. Ods'me, so she does ——— stand by me, be sure, Mr. *Freelove*.

Free. Never fear, Man. Play but your Part well, and you shall not want Encouragement.

Enter Lady Henpeck.

La. Hen. Oh, Sir *Humphry*, I'm glad you are at home, that you may join in this Marriage Contract, which Mr. *Quibus* is come to draw up between my Daughter and Lord *Apemode*.

Sir Hum. Yes, Wife; but as I think I told you before, I have fix'd on *Harcourt* for her Husband.

L. Hen. What! do you oppose my Will then?

Sir Hum. I oppose the bestowing of the whole Wealth of my Family, for which I have been drudging these Forty Years, on a Jack-a-napes of Quality, that will squander it away in as many Weeks, upon Whores, Rooks, and Running-Horses.

Free. Well judg'd, Sir *Humphry*.

La. Hen. Truly your Riches are mightily fought after — But what do I stand contesting! I have concluded the Thing, and that's sufficient.

Sir Hum. Why you speak very absolutely, Wife. But, in my opinion, the Hen ought not to crow thus before the Cock.

Free. Right, right, stand up for the Privilege of the Breeches.

La. Hen.

La. Hen. Very well! then I'm to be reckon'd only a mere Cypher, it seems; notwithstanding all the Learning I have with so much Labour acquir'd.

Sir Hum. Learning, Wife, often makes People very great Fools.

La. Hen. Oh Paradox! now I thought, wise Sir, that Ignorance, not Learning, made People Fools.

Sir Hum. You thought wrong, my Lady. A learned Fool is much more foolish, than an ignorant Fool.

Free. Right, Sir *Humphry*; Folly in the one appears perfectly pure; but Study in the other adds to Nature.

La. Hen. Sure, Sir, Ignorance is very charming to you, since you are so warm in its Defence —

Free. In truth, Madam, I have no great relish for your Female Doctors. I would not have a Woman ignorant in any thing that's suitable to her Character; but then I had rather have 'em sometimes seem so, than make such unseasonable Boasts of their Knowledge. Your bombast Haranguers, learned Disputers, and your pedantick Author-Quoters upon all occasions, are the most absurd impertinent Animals upon Earth.

Sir Hum. [*Aside.*] Odsso, that's stoutly said: At her again, good Mr. *Freelove*; take her down t'other Peg, be sure.

Free. And I must farther tell you, Madam, as I am always sincere upon these Occasions, that this Vanity in People whose Fortunes are the Fruit of Industry, of marrying their Daughters into great Families, is altogether as preposterous a Folly as the other, and always attended with great Inconveniencies.

La. Hen. My Daughter, Sir, has Wealth enough already, and therefore I want to enoble and purify her Blood by a Match of Distinction.

Sir Hum. The Blood may be enobled, belike, by your great Marriages, but I believe, Wife, 'tis sometimes never the purer.

Free. Right, Sir *Humphry*. Your Grand-children, indeed, would be dignify'd by it. But your Daughter must expect nothing but Misery and Contempt.

Sir Hum.

Sir Hum. Ay, ay, I'll not have a Man for my Daughter, that shall be able to reproach her with her Parents being Citizens; nor shall she have Children who'd be above calling me Grand-father. No, give me one, who shall be beholden to me for my Daughter, and to whom I can say --- Sit you there, Son-in-law, whilst I take the Elbow-chair to myself.

La. Hen. Very noble, exalted Sentiments, truly — But this is nothing to the purpose, *Sir Humphry*.

Sir Hum. No more it isn't, my Lady: and therefore, Mr. *Freelove*, if you'll step and bring your Friend, *Harcourt*, hither — we'll do something that shall be more to the purpose.

Free. That I will, *Sir Humphry*, and be with you again instantly; [*Aside to Sir Humphry.*] be sure you keep her under, now you have got her there. [*Exit.*]

Sir Hum. Oh! fear it not, fear it not, Mr. *Freelove*. I'll make her know for the future who I am, I warrant you.

La. Hen. [*Making up to Sir Humphry.*] Why, Sir, d'ye think to gain your Point by such Methods as these are? Am I a Chicken, a tame Pigeon, a jointed Doll, to be treated in this manner?

Sir Hum. [*Retreating.*] I tell you, Wife——

La. Hen. And I tell you, Husband, that you are mistaken in the Person you have to deal with, and I'll make you know so —— I will —— I will.

Sir Hum. Well, well ——

La. Hen. Is it for you to prescribe? is it for you to direct me what to do with my Daughter? Me, who sprung from an ancient Family, receiv'd such an extraordinary Education, and have made such an extraordinary use of it; shall you, I say ——

Sir Hum. Enough, enough, my Lady ——

La. Hen. Shall you, I say ——

Sir Hum. I say no more, I say no more, Love.

La. Hen. 'Tis fit you should not, Sir; and to prevent any future Disputes on this Head, 'tis my Will that the Contract be drawn immediately. I have said it; make no Reply. However, if you are any way engag'd to *Harcourt*, I'll give you leave to marry your Neice to him.

Sir Hum.

Sir Hum. Oh, very well, very well; that will do as well. I'll follow Mr. *Freelove*, and inform him of it. [*Aside.*] Adod, I thought I should get the better of her at last. [*Exit Sir Humphry.*]

La. Hen. I'll now to the Parties concern'd, and have the Writings finish'd directly. [*Exit.*]



S C E N E *changes to a Room in Sir Positive Bubble's House.*

Dorinda sitting at a Table with a Book in her Hand.

Dorin. [*Throwing aside the Book.*] I would willingly have beguill'd these tedious moments with Reading, but, alas! my Head is too much busied with its own Thoughts to attend to other People's — How does my Heart fluctuate in a perplexing Suspence betwixt Hope and Fear! Sure 'tis a cruel Dilemma that I'm brought to, either to commit a Violence on the Decency which is due to my Sex, or else to give up myself to irretrievable Misery. — And yet I almost wish that I had not acted as I have: But the Die's cast, and I must stand its Decision.

Enter Sir Positive and Valentine.

Dorin. [*Seeing Valentine, starts.*] Hah! what d'ye mean, Sir *Positive*? What, do you bring him to me yourself? Do you espouse his Interest against me? And will you oblige me to undergo his persecuting Addresses?

Sir Pos. No, my dearest Heart, no, no, your Quiet is too dear to me to do so: But he looks on my Messages, forsooth, as airy Tales, and believes 'tis I, not You, who are the Author of 'em. Therefore I have ev'n brought him hither, that you may once for all cure him of his Mistake.

Dorin. What, Sir, don't you think I have explain'd myself sufficiently, and can you yet doubt of the Choice I have made?

Val. Yes, Madam, I must confess I had some doubt upon me; and that supreme Sentence, which decides the Fate of my Love, is of such Consequence to my Happiness, that I am excusable in desiring a Repetition of it.

Dorin. Why then, Sir, I must declare, that he told you my real Sentiments, and I think 'em founded on too much Equity to be disputed.—Here are two Persons before me, one of whom has all my Approbation and Esteem, and the other, for his barbarous Treatment of me, all my Contempt and Aversion. Let him, therefore, in whose Favour I have made this Declaration, deliver me immediately from the Dread of being forc'd by the other; a Punishment, to me, worse than Slavery or Death.

Sir Pos. Yes, my sweetest, I'll deliver thee, I will, I will; I'll satisfy all thy Expectations, I'll do whatever thou can'st desire.

Dorin. I know it does not become either my Sex or Age, to make so free a Declaration; but——

Sir Pos. Oh, no matter, no matter; you can't make too free with me, Love.

Dorin. But as there have been plain Marks of Honour in all his Actions and Behaviour, I hope he will soon give me some Testimony of his Affection, and ——

Sir Pos. Yes, yes, I will. Come, kiss my Hand then — kiss my Hand, Chicken; and let that be a Testimony.

Dorin. And let him thus receive the Promise I give him, to be never any other Man's.

[Pretends to embrace Sir Positive, and gives her Hand to Valentine behind his Back, who kisses it in Raptures, and then puts a Letter in it.]

Sir Pos. Poor Dearee, you shan't languish for me long, I promise thee, Jewel — that's enough, Love —— Now, Sir, I hope you'll believe that what I said was true. You see what a strange Affection she has for me.

Val. 'Tis true, Sir —— And for you, Madam, you have explain'd yourself sufficiently, and I shall not fail very speedily to remove from your Eyes, the Presence of him you so much detest.

Dorin.

Dorin. You cannot do me a greater piece of Service Sir; for, in short, it becomes intolerable and odious to me and my Abhorrence is so great, that ———

Sir Pos. Hold, hold, Sweeting.

Dorin. I hope, Sir, you are not offended with my speaking in this manner. Perhaps you are willing ———

Sir Pos. No, no, I don't say that: But to tell you the truth, I can't help pitying the Condition he is in. You shew your Aversion a little too violently, Love.

Dorin. That's impossible, Sir, upon such an Occasion.

Val. As your Ease and Satisfaction, Madam, is much dearer to me than all the Enjoyments of Life, you may depend that within these Three Days, your Eyes shall never again be tortur'd with this odious Object.

Dorin. With all my Soul ——— farewel.

Val. Farewel.

Sir Pos. Um ——— Lookye, Mr. *Valentine*, I shou'd be glad, if I could bring her to use you with a little more Civility; but I doubt I can't, she is so furiously enraged with you.

Val. You shall never hear me complain, Sir; the Lady certainly does herself Justice, and I shall therefore endeavour to make myself as easy as possible — Farewel.

[Exit

Sir Pos. Poor young Fellow! how excessive his Grief is ——— in Troth, I think he's mightily to be pitied.

Dorin. Pitied! not at all.

Sir Pos. Your Affection touches me to the last degree Love. Six Days are too long to stay, considering your Impatience. I'm therefore determin'd to marry you To-morrow.

Dorin. How! what d'ye say, Sir *Positive*? To-morrow!

Sir Pos. Ay, To-morrow at farthest.

Dorin. But ———

Sir Pos. Come, come, 'tis only Modesty makes you pretend this Reluctance; but I know what Joy my saying so gives you, and you wish 'twas already done; dost thou

thee now, Honey ——— Ay, you Rogue you, you shall be mine from Head to Foot To-morrow: Yes, I'll be Master of thee all; of those little sparkling Eyes, that little knavish Nose, those sweet Lips, that pretty Chin, and that, that, that, ——— In short, your whole sweet Person, Jewel—and I'll kiss thee and caress thee as much as I please.

Dorin. Ay but, but To-morrow ———

Sir Pos. Lack, lack, how the Thoughts of it transport me, and what Pleasure it will be to me, to see myself reviv'd into other young *Bubbles*; little Poppets, that will be as like me as two Drops of Water, who will be always sporting about the House, and talking so foolishly to me, that 'twill be the wittiest, prettiest thing in all the World. Methinks I see half a dozen of 'em about me already.

Dorin. But not To-morrow, dear *Sir Positive*.

Sir Pos. I would not defer it another Day for a Million of Money.

Dorin. Good Fortune, assist! — What shall I do now!

Sir Pos. Come along, come with me, come with me; Ah, I'll kiss thee, and love thee; I will, I will.

How happy a Rogue am I! my Luck how rare,
Blest with so virtuous and so kind a Fair! [Exeunt.]



ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, a STREET.

Dorinda alone.

Dorin. HARK, is not that he? no — Well, I have but this last Instant to determine; shall I go fearless on, and commit my Fortune to his Fidelity or not? Yes, Death itself seems infinitely less terrible to me than the fatal Sacrifice I am doom'd to To-morrow. Let me
once

once more read the Letter, which he put into my Hand at our Interview to-day. [Reads]

MADAM,

IN return to your transporting Letter, I have but a single Moment to say, that if you'll contrive to be at your own Door in the dusk of the Evening, and have a good Opinion enough of me, to trust yourself in my Hands, I'll deliver you from all your terrible Apprehensions, and by an immediate Marriage convince you that all the Pride of my Heart, and Desire of my Soul, is to preserve your Honour, and add to your Satisfaction.

Yours, intirely and eternally,

VALENTINE.

Generous and kind! But Time and Fortune press — 'tis now dusk, and this the Place. Oh! I hear somebody coming, it must be he.

Enter Sir Positive.

Sir Pos. Well, I think now, I have order'd every thing —
Dorin. [Seeing *Sir Pos.* starts.] Oh, Misfortune!

Sir Pos. Who's this? hey-day, what you, Duck? why, whither art thee going so late, Lovee? you told me when I left you, that you'd go and lock yourself up in your Chamber, and wou'dn't be disturb'd 'till to-morrow Morning.

Dorin. 'Tis true, but —

Sir Pos. But what?

Dorin. I'm in Confusion, and can't tell how to excuse it to you.

Sir Pos. How! What can this mean?

Dorin. In short, Sir, the Secret will surprize you — 'twas on my Sister's Account, that I was going abroad, who has desir'd the Use of my Chamber this Evening, on a Design for which I have very much blam'd her.

Sir Pos. How! Design! what Design?

Dorin. Could one have believ'd it! she is in love, it seems, with this *Valentine*, that has plagu'd us so much of late.

Sir Pos.

Sir Pos. In love with *Valentine*!

Dorin. Desperately! She just now came here alone to discover it to me, and to assure me, that it would absolutely be her Death, if she did not obtain her Desire. That their Amour had secretly been carried on for above a Twelvemonth, and that they were solemnly engag'd, and contracted to one another.

Sir Pos. A fine Baggage she, and a very pretty Rascal he! — Well, but what then?

Dorin. That having heard of the Despair I had thrown him into, and that he was resolv'd to forsake the Town upon it, she came to beg of me to leave her alone in my Chamber, intending this Evening to talk to him from the Window in my Voice; and, under my Name, to give him some Encouragement which might keep him here. In short, to turn the Love he has for me to her own Advantage.

Sir Pos. Ay, but Jewel, d'ye think that? —

Dorin. Oh! I was downright raving about it. What, says I, Sister, are you out of your Wits? to be in love with such a loose extravagant Fellow, to forget your Sex, and deceive the Hope of Mr. *Freelove*, who lives but for you!

Sir Pos. Nay, for that matter, I don't pity my Brother; he well deserves it, and I am very glad on't.

Dorin. In short, I us'd a thousand Arguments to deter her from her Intention, but she shed so many Tears, fetch'd so many Sighs, and so often told me that I should drive her to Despair, if I deny'd to gratify her Passion, that at last my Heart was conquer'd. But, to give a better countenance to this Intrigue, I was going to stay with our Neighbour *Lucretia*, whose Virtues you daily praise so much --- But, you surpriz'd me, dear Sir, by your sudden coming upon me so.

Sir Pos. No, no, I'll have none of these Jugglings at my House. They may be seen, or heard by somebody in the Street, and she whom I honour with my Person, should not only be virtuous, but even unsuspected; — come along with me, and let us send the shameless Quean packing.

Dorin. Oh, for Goodness Sake! no, dear Sir *Positive*, don't do that; 'twill put her into a great Confusion; and she may justly complain how little Secrecy I am Mistress of. Since I must not countenance her Design, let me send her away, at least by myself.

Sir Pos. Well, well then, do so, do so.

Dorin. But I must make you promise me, that you'll say nothing to her.

Sir Pos. I won't, I won't.

Dorin. Then, turn your Face this way. [*Turning him with his Face to the Front of the Stage.*] Be sure, don't stir now, but let her pass without observing her; you shall hear how I'll rattle her.

Sir Pos. Yes, I'll restrain my Passion upon thy account. Jewel; but as soon as she's gone, I'll go to my Brother. I shall be glad to give him this pretty Account.

Dorin. I intreat you, then, not to name me in the Affair. Good-night, dear Sir *Positive*, — I'll go lock myself up as soon as I have sent her away.

Sir Pos. Ay, 'till to-morrow, Love, only 'till to-morrow. [*Exit Dorinda.*] How impatient am I to see my Duncel of a Brother, and tell him this thing! The good Man's sweetly chous'd, with all his Wisdom. This is seeing the End of it, forsooth. Ods me, I would not take an Hundred Pounds in Exchange for this Discovery.

[*Dorinda at the Door, as speaking to her Sister.*]

Dorin. Yes, Sister, I'm sorry to incur your Displeasure, but 'tis impossible for me to consent to this rash Undertaking. My own Honour, as well as my dear Guardian's Satisfaction, is too precious to me to let it run such a Risk. Farewel; go home, and reflect on the Indiscretion of this Enterprize, and think no more of the base Wretch that was the Occasion of it.

[*Dorinda throwing a Veil over herself, crosses the Stage softly, as in the Dark.*]

Sir Pos. Well said, she nettles her off, adad — Ah! there she goes; I'll lock the Door for fear she should return again.

[*Enter Valentine, as in the Dark.*]

Val. This is the Hour, and near the Place. Who's there?

Dorinda

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Dorin. Hift, *Valentine*, make no Noife, I am *Dorinda*.
[*Speaking in a feign'd Voice.*]

Sir Pof. [*Aside.*] Oh lying Baggage! you *Dorinda*! no, ſhe follows the Laws of Honour, which you forſake; and you falſly aſſume both her Name and her Voice.

Dorin. But, unleſs honourable Marriage be your Intention, *Valentine*, I'll ſtir no farther.

Val. That is the only Purpoſe of my Soul: and I here ſwear by every thing that's dear to me, that early in the Morning the Ceremony ſhall be perform'd; in the mean time my Siſter waits within to receive you.

Sir Pof. Ha, ha, ha! poor cheated Fool!

Val. Come in then, and throw off all Diffidence, my Charmer; and now I defy the Power of thy deluded Tyrant to rob me of thee again. [*Exeunt.*]

Sir Pof. Oh, I'll aſſure you, Mr. *Shatter-brains*, I have no manner of Inclination to rob you of her. I'm not in the leaſt concern'd at the Engagement, and I ſhall force you to be her Husband now, whether you like it or not, Sir. The Memory of her Father, as well as the Intereſt I have in her Siſter, my dear *Dorinda*, requires at leaſt, that I make him preſerve her Honour by Marriage.

Enter a Juſtice of the Peace, with Conſtables and Lights.

Odſo, this is lucky. Here's Mr. *Juſtice What-d'ye-Call'um* going his Rounds ——— Mr. *Juſtice*, your Servant, I'm glad I have met with you, for I have ſome Employment for you here.

Juſtice. We are upon Buſineſs already, Sir. In full Buſineſs, Sir.

Sir Pof. But, mine's Buſineſs of Conſequence, and Haſte too; and therefore, pray follow me with your Lights.

Juſtice. But what is it, Sir?

Sir Pof. To go to that Corner-Houſe there, and ſecure a Girl of ours, whom one *Valentine* has ſeduc'd, and got into his Houſe, under a Promise of Marriage. She's of a Family both noble and virtuous.

Justice. But this, Sir, is beyond the Power of my Office. However, as I love to be employ'd in things of this kind, I'll go in and try what Persuasion will do.

Sir Pos. Sir, you'll infinitely oblige me, and I'll make you any Returns; but don't suffer yourself to be greas'd in the Filt now.

Justice. How, Sir! d'ye suspect an Officer of Justice? a Gentleman in Commission for the City and Liberty of *Westminster*?

Sir Pos. I beg Pardon, Mr. *Westminster Justice*, for such a Mistrust. I did not think of that. However, while you are doing your Endeavours with him, I'll go and fetch my Brother hither. I'll go tell the glad Tidings to this Pleader for Liberty. Oh, 'tis a blessed Dupe!

[*Exeunt.*]



SCENE, a Room in Sir Humphry Henpeck's House.

Enter Maria, Dorothea, Martin, Reynard, Angelica, and other Ladies, with Musick, &c.

Maria. Ladies, you are welcome. We beg your Pardon, my Dear. These Gentlemen had a mind to give us a Dance this Evening, which oblig'd us to send for you, in so abrupt a manner, to fill up the Vacuums of our Assembly.

Mar. This is a Ball, Ladies, made *Extempore*. We hope to have the Pleasure of giving you a more formal one soon.

Maria. Dear *Angelica*, this is being kind, indeed.

Ang. To myself it is, Madam, to enjoy so much good Company.

Maria. Such you always make it, Madam, wherever you come.

Ang. That's unanswerable, Madam.

Rey. Is the Musick come?

Mar.

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Mar. Yes, they are here—Rascals, set your Fiddles in order, whilst I put my Legs in Tune.

[*Capering about the Stage, and humming by way of Prelude.*]

Doro. See, see there, how genteelly, and properly he dances.

Maria. And what an elegant Shape he has.

Mar. [*Taking Maria.*] My Freedom, Madam, will soon dance the *Courant*, I find, as well as my Feet.

[*Taking her out to dance.*]

Enter Harcourt and Horatio, with Canes in their Hands.

Martin and Reynard let go their Partners, and stand in a Posture of Surprise.

Har. Ah, ha, Rascal! have we found you at last!

Hor. And you, Puppy, is this your Trade!

Har. I'll make you dance to some Tune, Mr. *Jackanapes*.

[*Caning Martin.*]

Hor. And I shall teach you a new Jig too, I believe, Sir.

Mar. Hold, hold, Sir. S'life, you did'n't say you'd strike so hard.

Rey. Oh! oh! enough, good Sir, enough: I demand a Parley, and will surrender upon Discretion.

Har. It becomes you mightily, Villain, to set up for Quality, indeed.

Hor. This will make you know yourself, Scoundrel.

Maria. Bless us, my Lord, what's the Meaning of this?

Mar. Truly, Madam, I can't tell. 'Tis a new kind of Dance, you hear 'em say.

Doro. What, suffer yourselves to be beaten thus!

Mar. Why, Madam, I would not seem to feel it, because I am naturally very violent, you must know, and should have been guilty of some horrible Revenge or other.

Rey. Oh, Madam, 'tis only in Jest, only in Jest — A Wager, or some such thing, I suppose.

Maria. Gentlemen, what d'ye mean by this Insolence? Dare you affront us thus in our own House?

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Har. Troth, Madam, I think the Affront is to us. Shall we suffer our Footmen to be better receiv'd than ourselves; to court you too, and give you a Ball at our Expence?

Maria. Your Footmen, Sir!

Har. Yes, our Footmen, Madam — and 'tis not right in you to debauch 'em thus.

Doro. Oh intolerable, what Insolence is this!

Hor. But they shan't have the Advantage of our Clothes to allure you, and if you will love 'em it shall be for their natural Beauty.

Har. Ay, ay — come, strip quickly, Sir; unsafe, unsafe.

Mar. Well, Gentlemen, tho' they are your Clothes, I think we have the most right to 'em; for 'tis plain, we have made a better Figure, and done more in 'em than you could.

Rey. And since Lords take a Pride in turning Footmen, I think 'tis but Humility in Footmen to condescend to turn Lords.

Mar. Yes, Brother *Reynard*; but tho' every Footman can do a Lord's Business, every Lord has not Capacity enough to do a Footman's; and therefore we must ev'n betake ourselves to our former Employes for the good of our Country.

Rey. So, farewell Finery then!

Mar. Ay, there's our Lordship and Colonelship in the Dirt.

Har. [*To the Servants.*] Here, dress 'em in their proper Habits again — However, since the Rogues have play'd their Parts so well, they shall have the Clothes for their pains. — And now, Ladies, your Galants are *in statu quo*, you are free to continue your Amours with 'em as long as you please: and we both declare we'll not be jealous.

Hor. No, that you may depend on.

Mar. [*Surveying himself.*] Well, Ladies, how d'ye like us now? I am not very fond of this Transformation myself, I must needs say. I was certainly born to be a fine Gentleman. Well, I shall never be able to buckle to Business any more.

more, that's certain — I have been a Lord so long I shall never be good for any thing again.

Rey. Ay, and I like the lazy peaceable Life of a Soldier so well. — 'Tis but wearing lac'd Clothes, tucking up one's Hair neatly, and talking Nonsense to the Women; and all those things I can do as well as any Colonel of 'em all — don't you think so, Ladies?

Maria. I burst with Indignation!

Doro. What Confusion is this!

Ang. Brother, I'm astonish'd. For Goodness sake what's the meaning of all this?

Har. Come along with us, Sister, and you shall know. My Lord, most noble Colonel, and you most polite, witty, and discerning Ladies, your very humble Servant.

[*Bowing low.*]

Hor. Your very humble Servant.

[*Exeunt Harcourt, Horatio, Angelica, and the other Ladies laughing.*]

Maria. Why, you Rascal, dare you stand there with that impudent Face of yours after this Insolence?

Mar. Is a Lord to be treated in this manner? See how the least Disgrace makes one slighted by those that carefs'd one before. Come, Brother, let us go and seek our Fortune somewhere else. I see nothing but vain Appearance will do here. Naked Virtue goes unregarded.

Rey. Ay, Brother *Martin*, Virtue without fine Clothes, is like a Book without fine Binding, not fit to appear before People of Quality and Politeness.

Mar. And yet 'tis very hard, methinks, to quit these expanded Apartments for a Garret; and, instead of Musick and Dancing, to fill up the Vacuums of our time with combing Wigs and brushing Clothes.

Rey. 'Sbobs, that's true ---- Well, we must ev'n content ourselves with this Reflexion, That Nature design'd us for great Men, but Fortune found Fools more for her purpose.

Our Shoes and Fortunes sure are near ally'd;

Some limp in strait, some totter in the wide.

Mar. Then turn us Barefoot, and, except the Name,

My Lord and *Martin* are exact the same.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter

Enter Sir Humphry Henpeck.

Sir Hum. So, you have made rare Laughing-Stocks of us, truly, you Gipsies you. Very fine things we are told of you, indeed.

Maria. Ah, Sir! we have been play'd the most cruel, inhuman, outrageous Trick that ever was suffer'd.

Doro. Oh, I die with the Reflexion.

Sir Hum. You deserve it, you deserve it. 'Tis the effect of your own Foppery and Impertinence, you Sluts you. 'Twas a just Resentment of the Usage you gave those Gentlemen, and therefore I must be forc'd to put up the Affront.

Maria. No, I vow I'll be reveng'd on 'em, or die in the Attempt.

Sir Hum. Reveng'd, you Baggages—I don't know why I should not send you after 'em. Do you see what your Extravagance and Vanity have brought upon us? Ods Heart, we shall be the Town-talk. Go, and for ever hide yourselves, do.

Maria. Ay, my Dear, now I suppose we must go back to *Thames-Street* again.

Doro. Ay, my Dear, we are quite undone.

[*Exeunt Mar. and Dor.*]

Sir Hum. What the Duce had I to do on this side *Temple-Bar*? 'Sbud I'll go and ransack all their Drawers, and burn every Play, Song, Opera, or Verse that comes in my way; destroy all their Washes, Paint and Pomatum, twist the Parrot's Neck, and kick the Monkey out of Doors; and to-morrow I'll go and get myself *unknighted* again, and return to my old House. There, a wealthy honest Citizen meets with some Respect; but, S'life, when they pretend to come to this end of the Town, they expose themselves as much as if they were to stand in the Pillory at *Charing-Cross*. [Exit.]

SCENE



SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Sir Positive Bubble and Freelove.

Free. Who's there? What you, Brother, abroad so late? this is something marvellous indeed. I hope you have taken care and made all fast at home, lest your pretty Prisoner should make her escape.

Sir Pos. Oh, stupid! stupid! I shall have no Patience with him. Made all fast! Yes, and if you had but taken as much care to make all fast, you would not have been made such a Nicompoop of as you are.

Free. On the old strain I see still, Brother. But let us truce with it now, and I'll divert you with a pleasant Accident that has happen'd at our Neighbour's here.

Sir Pos. Ay, Mr. *Director*, Mr. *Superannuated Beau* and I have a pleasant Story to divert you with too: something pretty that has happen'd at your own House: But as you mind every body's Business more than your own, you shall tell yours first, if you please.

Free. What d'ye mean, Brother?

Sir Pos. Mean, Brother! That you are made a Gull of, a Stalking-Horse, Bamboozl'd, Chous'd, Chous'd, Brother.

Free. Which way, Brother?

Sir Pos. Where's your pretty Pupil, *Angelica*, pray?

Free. Why that Question? She's gone to some Ball, I think they told me.

Sir Pos. Oh! yes, yes, follow me, follow me, you shall see to what Ball the Gentlewoman's gone.

Free. What's all this for?

Sir Pos. You have brought her up mighty well. Distrustful Bolts, Locks and Grates don't make People virtuous. Youth ought to have more Liberty given 'em. Yes, truly, and the cunning Gipsy has taken her swing of it.

Free. This is all a Riddle to me, Brother.

Sir Pos. Then the Meaning of the Riddle is, Brother,
that

that *Angelica's* Ball is with *Mr. Valentine* at that House there, and that this very Night I saw her choose him for a Partner.

Free. Who?

Sir Pos. *Angelica.*

Free. Pray ha' done jesting, Brother.

Sir Pos. Jestings d'ye call it! What an Ass it is! Ods-heart, only follow me, you shall presently be satisfy'd. You shall see if I impose on you.

Free. 'Tis impossible, sure, that she could enter into any such Engagement, without letting me know of it; since from her very Infancy I have shewn her such an entire Tendernefs and Complaisance, and have always protested against laying any Constraint on her Inclinations.

Sir Pos. Lack-a-day, Brother, your own Senses shall be Witnesses of the Affair. I think it necessary that he should immediately be oblig'd to marry her, unless you think it proper, notwithstanding all this, to have her yourself. Perhaps you have some new Arguments to place you above Ridicule, and prove that Cuckoldom is a very honourable Badge.

Free. No, Brother, I shall never be so weak to desire the Possession of a Heart against its own Determination— But after all I can't believe.

Sir Pos. What a talking you make! Come, let's go— 'tis but next Door.

Enter Valentine, Justice, Constables, &c.

Justice. Here's no occasion for Compulsion, Gentlemen. If you desire nothing of him but to marry her, your Fury may be appeas'd; he has promis'd me to do it to-morrow, and bound himself to do it by this Paper, which he has sign'd here.

Free. But the Woman ———

Justice. Is lock'd up, and won't appear 'till you have both given consent to the Match.

Val. No, Gentlemen, nor shall she be seen by you again, 'till that Consent is obtain'd. You know who I am, and I have done every thing, which I'm by Honour

HONOUR bound to, in signing that Instrument. If it be your Intention to agree to the Match, you must likewise set your Hand for a Confirmation of it.

Sir Pos. Very well, Sir, that's all we want. [*Aside.*] He does not know but 'tis *Dorinda* yet, poor Fool! He'll be sweetly fobb'd.

Free. But is this *Angelica*?

Sir Pos. Be quiet, will you?

Free. But are you sure ———

Sir Pos. Hold your Tongue.

Free. But Brother, I must know ———

Sir Pos. Will you hold your Peace, I say?

Val. In a word, Gentlemen, there's no Occasion for any Delay. *Dorinda* and myself are mutually engag'd to one another for Life, and, if I must speak, I see no such great Disparity in the Match, that you need make this Disturbance.

Free. Why, he says *Dorinda*, Brother.

Sir Pos. Pray, Brother, hold your Tongue for a Moment, and you shall know the Mystery. I have a Reason for it, as you shall see presently. [*To Val.*] Well, Sir, without any more Words then, as the Thing is gone so far, we give our Consent to your marrying the Girl. — She that is now in your House, I mean.

Val. 'Tis in those very Terms that the Writing is drawn, and there are Blanks for the Names. Sign this, and then the Lady shall appear.

Sir Pos. With all my Heart, ——— here, I'll sign it first, I'll sign it first. [*Signing.*] We shall have rare laughing presently adad. Come sign, Brother, sign.

Free. But what is this Mystery? He talks of *Dorinda*, and you of *Angelica*.

Sir Pos. No Scruples, but sign, sign; — you consent to't, I suppose, let it be which it will.

Free. That I do, most certainly.

Sir Pos. So do I ——— then sign immediately.

Free. Be it so. Tho' I understand nothing of the matter. [*Signing.*]

Sir Pos. Oh, you shall understand it presently, much better

better than you'll care for, I believe. We'll let you into the Secret, I warrant you. Good lack, how strangely am I transported to think how this mighty Man of Wisdom is bit at last! How sneaking he must look to see his fine Lectures of Liberty and Indulgence to Wives, so unluckily turn'd against himself! Oh, you have done, have you----- [*Giving the Paper to Valentine.*] Here, Sir, is the Paper sign'd by us both; and we both acknowledge it as our free Deed.

Val. Very well, Sir----- [*To the Justice.*] You are my Witness, Sir, and therefore step along with me, that the Lady may appear and declare her Assent likewise.----We'll be back again in an Instant, Gentlemen.

Sir Pos. Very well, Sir,—and now, my good *Ignoramus* of a Brother, come a little farther this way, and I'll discover all the Intrigue to you.

[*Taking Freelove aside, and talking to him.*]

Enter behind, Angelica, Harcourt, Horatio, with Lights.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Ang. Ha, ha, ha! I can't forbear laughing, tho' I am so monstrously provok'd at you.

Har. Provok'd, Sister!

Ang. Yes, 'twas downright Inhuman and Savage.

Hor. Desperate Distempers, Madam, require desperate Remedies; to have been less severe, would have been more cruel in this Case.

Ang. Well, I know what I would do, if I were in their Place?

Har. What's that?

Ang. Why, marry you immediately out of pure Revenge.

Hor. That would be an effectual way to be reveng'd, I must confess-----But who have we here?

Sir Pos. Yes, Sir, I have told you nothing but the Truth, and now you see what a fine *Wiseacre* you have been——But, Oh! here she comes, here she comes, and the rest with her.

Free.

Free. *Angelica*, I think now I have Reason sufficient to complain of you. You know I have always indulg'd you in every thing that your Heart could wish, and have often declar'd to you, that I would never put the least Restraint upon your Inclinations of any kind. And after this, to engage your self to another, without making me in the least acquainted with it, and to go off with him in such a clandestine, indecent Manner! Sure 'twas not well done, *Angelica*! This is an Action, which my tender Friendship could never deserve from you.

Ang. I can't guess, Sir, at the Meaning of this Discourse, but I assure you I am as I always was, and that nothing can alter my Esteem for you; and tho' the Buffoon part of the World are pleas'd to rally me upon the Love of an Old Man, I here declare from my Soul, that I prize the Zeal of that Man more than all the glaring Transports of a young Coxcomb.

Free. This is astonishing! Why, Brother, how come you——

Sir Pos. How! what are you not this Moment come out of *Valentine's* House? did you not go off with him this Evening, disguis'd as your Sister, and did not you— But who the Duce have we here?

Enter Valentine, Dorinda, and Justice.

Dorin. Sister, I hope you'll generously pardon the Liberty I have taken with your Character and Name; nothing but the utmost Perplexity could have forc'd me on such a Stratagem. Your Example, I know, condemns such a Passion; but Fate deals differently with you and me. [*To Sir Pos.*] As for you, Sir, I think there's no need of any Apology, since I rather do you Service than use you ill. I found my self unworthy of your Love, and had rather be in the Possession of another, than not deserve such a valuable Heart as yours is.

Har. Well said, Sister!——A brave Girl.

Val. As for me, Sir, I esteem it my greatest Glory and Happiness to have her from your Hands.

Free.

Free. Come, Brother, you must put it up: your own Proceedings are the Cause of all; and the Misfortune it is, that tho' you are known to be cheated, no body will pity you.

Ang. I can't tell whether this Stratagem was altogether so fair, or not; but I'm sure I should have done the same myself.

Hor. I think it a very exemplary Chastisement for his Moroseness and Jealousy; and since his Temper exposed him to the Danger of being a Cuckold, he's very well off in being only so in the Bud.

Sir Pos. [*Standing all this while in a posture of Surprise.*] No, I cannot get rid of my Amazement. This horrible Trick quite confounds me. Oh, the Sorcerers! I could not have thought it had been in her. That I, who am in Years, and know the World; who, like a wise Philosopher, have for half a Century been contemplating the Misfortunes of Husbands, in order to guard against 'em myself, should at last be made such an egregious Cully of by a raw Girl and a rattle-headed Fop. Oh, I burst! I rave; how I could buffet my self; — I wish I had a Glass here, only to see how like an Owl and a Buzzard I must look, after gulling my self in such a lovely Manner.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Pos. After this, miserable is he that puts his Trust in Woman. The best of 'em are always fruitful in Mischief, and they were only made to plague the World!

[*Exit in a Rage.*]

Free. Ha, ha, ha, poor Man! This is a bitter Pill to him, but 'twill prove a very wholesome one — And now, Gentry, you must favour me with your Company the rest of the Night; and to-morrow, if *Angelica* can bring her self to think of it, we'll make one Wedding Dinner serve us both.

Ang. Agreed.

[*Giving him her Hand.*]

Val. I am only sorry we shan't have an Opportunity at the same time of wishing *Harcourt* and *Horatio* Joy, as well as they us.

Har.

ad.
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as
ar.

